

£350 IN PRIZES FOR BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

PEARSON'S

— £2,000 —

Free Insurance.

WEEKLY

9
PAGES OF
FICTION
INSIDE.

No. 949.]

POSTAGE,
ONE PENNY.

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 24, 1908.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY]

HOLBROOK'S

SAUCE

Perfect flavour and
absolute purity.

Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN of SWEDEN.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of Pearson's Weekly 24/9/1908. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your 5/6 address one of our Prudential Real Seamless Woven Half-Guinea



Regd.

**RUGS
GIVEN
AWAY**

suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in Thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with

FREE RUG,

thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY!

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Bag to match, or we will send Two Carpets and TWO RUGS for 10/6 Illustrated Bargains Catalogues of Carpets, etc., post free.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.



5/6

40 Kimbolton Road, Bedford.

Colonel Sir W. S. Seton writes: "I shall be obliged if you will send me two of your Brussels Carpets, one 12ft. by 12ft. at 12/6, and one 10ft. by 12ft. at 11/6. Some 10 or 12 years ago I had some carpets from you, and they proved very satisfactory."

**REPEAT
ORDERS RECEIVED
FROM THE
ROYAL PALACE
STOCKHOLM.**

"VASELINE" HAIR TONIC

A liquid preparation of Petroleum, delicately perfumed, for preserving and restoring the strength, vitality and beauty of the hair. It will prevent dandruff and keep the scalp clean, sweet and healthy. 1s. and 2s. If not obtainable locally, a trial bottle will be sent, Post Free, to any address in the United Kingdom, upon receipt of Postal Order or Stamps.

The word "VASELINE" is the Registered Trade Mark of the
CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.

(CONSOLIDATED), NEW YORK.

42 Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.

PARK DRIVE

Fine Virginia. Sweet & Cool. You'll enjoy 'PARK DRIVES'.

10 FOR 2^D

Coupon in each packet, 1/- per 100 given for Coupons sent in.

Made by Gallaher Ltd., Belfast and London. The Independent Firm.

CIGARETTES

How Would You Like to Get a Cheque for £100 on Christmas Morning?

The proprietors of

DR. GARDNER'S PINK TABLETS

contemplate a big advertising campaign next year and want to make a collection of bona-fide testimonials from those who have been relieved or cured by them of

**DYSPEPSIA
INDIGESTION
NERVOUS HEADACHE
CONSTIPATION
FLATULENCE
LIVER TROUBLES
ACIDITY of the STOMACH**

and are offering a Cash Prize of £100 for what in their opinion is the best testimonial received on or before December 1st next.

They will further pay the sum of

One Guinea

for every testimonial that they deem of sufficient merit to warrant publication in their advertisements.

As none but genuine testimonials are desired, each must be accompanied by a coupon, one of which will be found in every 1½ box and three in each 2½ box.

The Testimonials herewith published have been sent voluntarily and without any fee or price there are thousands of users of this popular remedy who could speak in equally glowing terms, want their opinions of Dr. Gardner's Pink Tablets. This is well known to be the best form of advertisement. It is only fair that we should pay for them, and therefore we are offering

A CASH PRIZE OF £100 FOR THE BEST TESTIMONIAL,

and an unlimited number of ONE GUINEA PRIZES for each of those which we deem to be of merit to use in any of our advertisements.

Grammar and Spelling do not Count. It's the Best Story of an Actual Cure we want, told in your own words.

We want no fictitious Testimonials, hence each must be accompanied by a Coupon taken from one of Dr. Gardner's Pink Tablets, as an evidence of good faith. You can send in as many Testimonials as you like, for continued use may make your experience better, but each must be accompanied by a Coupon.

These are a few of the Testimonials already received before the contest commenced:-

Evercreech S.O., Somerset, June 30th, 1906.
Dear Sirs,—With regard to Dr. Gardner's Pink Tablets, I shall never be able to sufficiently thank the gentleman who recommended them to me. I felt better after the first two doses, and I will not fail to recommend them to others, as they are by far the best medicine I have ever taken. My terrible headaches disappeared after four doses. I had not been free from the headaches for a month before.—
Yours truly,
A. TROT.

Mason Villa, Ross Hill Street, Derby, June 30th, 1906.
Sirs,—Dr. Gardner's Pink Tablets are undoubtedly the best remedy of a great many I have tried for indigestion. No sufferer should be without them.—Yours faithfully,
S. A. BENNETT.

9 Pearman Street, Lambeth, S.E., June 30th, 1906.
Dear Sir,—Your Dr. Gardner's Pink Tablets are the best in the market for Liver troubles and indigestion, from which I was a sufferer. I have tried nearly every remedy known without relief, but your Tablets are the best. I strongly recommend them to all who suffer from indigestion or Liver troubles.—Yours truly,
C. SPENCER.

58 Lyahon Street, Graig, Pontypridd, June, 27th, 1906.
Gentlemen,—I have been one of the worst cases that perhaps ever came under your notice. I have suffered from indigestion for several years, but since I took two boxes of Dr. Gardner's most valuable Pink Tablets I can take every kind of food without the least sign of pain or unpleasant feeling. I have never ceased recommending your Tablets to my fellow workmen, and will be pleased at all times to answer any correspondence regarding their value.—Yours truly,
JAMES LYONS.

The Testimonials can be sent in at any time, but not later than December 1st. The £100 prize will be posted on the day before Christmas and the name of the winner published in this paper. No testimonial will be used unless paid for. It is agreed that the proprietors shall be the sole judges of the merits of the testimonials.

DR. GARDNER'S PINK TABLETS

are a genuine remedy and prepared from the original formula of that celebrated Physician, who made a life study of the diseases above stated, and for years these Tablets have been acclaimed as almost valuable family medicine, and no home could be without them. The proprietors have up to the present relied upon the continued orders of all those who try them, and their recommendations to fellow sufferers, and the hundreds of proofs of the great efficacy of Dr. Gardner's Pink Tablets are embraced in the numerous flattering encomiums passed upon the wonderful cures being performed where doctors have failed.

READ THE TESTIMONIALS!

Dr. Gardner's Pink Tablets are put up in boxes of 24 at 1/1½ and 60 at 2/9. If your chemist won't get them for you they will be sent, post free, for price from

DR. GARDNER'S REMEDIES Co.,
4 Featherstone Buildings,
High Holborn,
LONDON, W.C.

TIRED MEN

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be quickly and thoroughly cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this paper.

A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., LONDON, W.C. Over 20 years' successful results.

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FREE TO STAMP COLLECTORS.—A rare unused Servian 1 dinar (assassinated King's head), localised 2-1. Send 1d. postage. Mention gift 648.—Bright & Son, 164 Strand, W.C.

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DR. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING-BOTTLE
Immediately Cures COLD IN THE HEAD, INFLUENZA, NERVOUS HEADACHE, or HAY FEVER. Instantly relieves Neuralgia in the Head, Toothache and Rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price One Shilling or Post free 2 Stamps from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, Reading, N.B.—Refuse Worthless Imitations

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All Britain



Beauty Contest

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS

FOR THE

Queen of British Beauty.

TEN EXTRA PRIZES OF £10 EACH.

SEVERAL competitions have lately been instituted to discover the most beautiful woman in the British Isles, but hitherto it has invariably been the rule to leave the judging in the hands of one or two individuals appointed by the organisers for that purpose. PEARSON'S WEEKLY has decided to conduct

The Most Thorough Beauty Contest Ever Held,

and in order to arrive at who is in reality the prettiest woman, the Editor has decided to leave the

Judging in the Hands of Our Readers.

When it is borne in mind that PEARSON'S WEEKLY penetrates into every town and village throughout the British Isles, it is an indisputable fact that a most far-searching and satisfactory result will be arrived at.

How You Have to Judge.

For the purpose of the contest we have divided the country into the following ten divisions:

- DIVISION 1.—Scotland.
- DIVISION 2.—Ireland.
- DIVISION 3.—Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland, Durham, Isle of Man, Channel Islands.
- DIVISION 4.—Yorkshire.
- DIVISION 5.—Lancashire.
- DIVISION 6.—Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Leicestershire.
- DIVISION 7.—Wales (which comprises Anglesey, Brecon, Cardigan, Carmarthen, Carnarvon, Denbigh, Flint, Glamorgan, Merioneth, Montgomery, Pembroke and Radnor), Shropshire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, and Warwickshire.
- DIVISION 8.—Cornwall, Devonshire, Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, Hampshire, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Isle of Wight, and Scilly Isles.
- DIVISION 9.—Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Rutland, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Hertfordshire.
- DIVISION 10.—County of London and Middlesex.

Perhaps you have a sister, cousin, or friend whom you think to be beautiful; possibly you are an ardent admirer of some well-known beauty, and consider her worthy of your vote as being the most beautiful woman in the British Isles—in that case you fill in (in ink) the subjoined coupon, giving the name of your choice, her address, and Division, cut it out, and forward it in an envelope addressed to Beauty Dept., PEARSON'S WEEKLY, 17 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C. Each coupon thus received will count as one vote, and be duly credited to the lady named in a special Register which has been opened for that purpose.

But if you, or any friend of yours, will send us 1s. 1d. (a three months' subscription to PEARSON'S WEEKLY), we will credit you or your nominee with 50 extra votes.

For 2s. 2d. (six months' subscription), 100 extra votes.

For 4s. 4d. (a year's subscription), 300 extra votes.

IMPORTANT.—These extra votes will only be given to those readers who send us one of the above subscriptions, and the name and address of a responsible newsagent who will deliver to him or keep for him every week a copy of PEARSON'S WEEKLY. Or you can pay the money to your newsagent, instructing him to send us the receipt, when we will credit you with the equivalent number of votes. Or you can send us the receipt yourself. Only receipts on newsagents' printed bill-heads will be recognised.

To the lady who, on the conclusion of the competition, has had the largest number of votes polled in her favour will be awarded the

First Prize of Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds

And to the lady who has been credited with the largest number of votes in each Division will be awarded a prize of

Ten Pounds,

making a Total Prize List of

Three Hundred and Fifty Pounds.

In the Division of the winner of the First Prize, the £10 prize will go to the second lady in the list.

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Read these Conditions Carefully.

There is, of course, no restriction to the number of the coupons you may send in, but, when forwarding a batch, they should be pinned together, and the number inclosed stated on the left hand top corner of the envelope.

Do not keep your coupons until the conclusion of the contest. They are only available up to certain dates, which are clearly marked on each coupon. Send them in as often as you like, and spare no effort to keep your own name or that of your nominee high up in the lists which will be published in PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

As the competition proceeds we hope at intervals to publish photographs of those leading in the various divisions, in order to give as many people as possible the opportunity of seeing these photographs, and deciding for whom they will vote. Therefore, a photograph may be called for (for the purposes of reproduction), of every lady for whom votes are recorded. There will be kept at the offices of P.W. albums containing these photographs for the purposes of inspection and comparison. The Editor will not bind himself to return photographs sent in, nor accept any responsibility for their safe keeping.

START VOTING TO-DAY.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" BRITISH BEAUTY CONTEST.—Voting Coupon No. 2.

I wish to place a vote to the credit of

Name.....

Address.....

Division.....

You will find a coupon every week in "Pearson's Weekly." All coupons must be sent to Beauty Dept., "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta St., Strand, London, W.C. This coupon No. 2 must be at "Pearson's Weekly" Offices not later than

OCTOBER 16th.

LATEST DATE FOR COUPON NO. 2.

Please Write Clearly and in Ink.



DOES FOOTBALL MEAN LESS DRINKING?

What our Leading Chief
Constables and Other
Authorities Think.

[Upholders of professional football, the season for which is once more with us, often maintain that, whatever its faults, it serves a valuable purpose in promoting temperance, more especially among the bulk of football followers—that is, working men. There are, however, others who hold just as strongly that football leads to drinking. P.W. expresses no opinion, but leaves the reader to the very interesting and conflicting views of a number of well-known gentlemen who may be trusted to give an impartial and competent opinion on this decidedly debatable question.]

Mr. GERALD A. THOMPSON

(Secretary, Church of England Temperance Society).

MUCH as I dislike professionalism in football, I should think that, on the whole, it (football) makes for temperance. By this I mean that tens of thousands who would never summon enough energy to play themselves do undoubtedly spend their half holidays in the air watching big matches, instead of "pub. loafing."

The public-houses in the neighbourhood of the big grounds are full to overflowing after a match, but, even allowing this, their patrons form but a small percentage of the spectators.

I wish, heartily, that the 50,000 young men who watch a Final Cup-tie, played themselves, for then there would be still more inducement to be temperate; but the professional business is certainly much better than nothing, from the temperance point of view.

I write with the amateur bias of an old Rugby player.

Mr. WALTER HAYLER

(Hon. Secretary of the Northern Temperance Institute).

THERE is no doubt that the football matches in Newcastle have done a lot to keep working men out of the public-houses on Saturday afternoons.

During the season the men leave the factories and shipyards, and, instead of rushing into the first "pub.," go home and change, and then rush to the football field.

A number of wives have stated that they are glad when the football season is on, as their husbands come straight home, and they are able to get their money. But during the summer months the men go to the first "pub.," and stay for hours, or until all their money is gone.

This statement has been fully confirmed by the chairman of one of the large brewery companies, who stated that football matches had done harm to their Saturday afternoon business.

The CHIEF CONSTABLE OF BLACKBURN

(Blackburn's football team is one of the best cup-tie fighting elevens in England).

In my opinion professional football does make for temperance, and keeps a large number of people out of public-houses, especially on Saturday afternoons.

The CHIEF CONSTABLE OF SUNDERLAND

(Sunderland is the headquarters of one of the most famous First League clubs).

My observation goes to prove quite the opposite—that is, it certainly tends to increase drunkenness amongst working men generally, especially on Saturday, the day appointed on which all the principal matches are played.

For instance, the hour generally fixed for the commencement of these games does not allow the working men time, after receiving their wages on these days, to go home with their earnings to their wives and families and to get their dinners first; to be in time for the match, they go direct from their work to the field with their wages in their pockets.

Working men in shipyards cease work at 12 o'clock

on Saturdays. They are mostly paid in squads by foremen, who receive the money for each squad. They often retire to a public-house to divide the money, which, of course, takes up considerable time, and they have no time to go home before the match.

The result is that numbers of these men are seen every Saturday during the football season making their way home late in the evening under the influence of drink with (as I need hardly say) their pockets very much lighter in consequence, and the family portion for the week-end necessities much lessened thereby.

On these occasions there is also a large number of persons arriving in towns by trains, and, after the match is over, they go from one public-house to another, until the train time arrives for their return home, by which time they are more or less under the influence of liquor.

I have nothing to say against football in general; on the contrary, I think it is a healthy game, when properly conducted, both for the player and spectator. I have noticed that street gambling on football matches has considerably increased within the last year or two; but for this, of course, football promoters are not responsible.

I would suggest that, to remedy the evil to which I have referred, the time for commencing matches should be fixed as late in the afternoon as possible, so as to give the working men time to go home before going to the match.

Sir JOHN KIRK

(The popular Secretary of the Ragged School Union).

If the question related to the footballer, I should have no hesitation in answering "Yes," for no one can be physically fit who indulges in alcohol. But for the sightseers I am not so sure.

I remember lately seeing thousands of artisans pouring from one Midland town to another as onlookers at a football match. It was early in the week, a working day, and I could not help feeling that, had the men been at work, there would have been less treating the one and the other, and, therefore, less drinking. With this and with the superadded gambling, I am sure the men would be emptier in pocket and less efficient for work the next day.

Speaking generally, I cannot say, from my limited experience, that sightseeing sport does tend to help the temperance cause.

The CHIEF CONSTABLE OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE

(Like Sunderland and Blackburn, Newcastle is one of our most prominent football centres).

THE number of cases of drunkenness on football Saturdays in Newcastle is not much in excess of other Saturdays, notwithstanding the influx of visitors.

Mr. J. M. DICK

(Editor of the "Football Evening News," and a fearless and impartial critic of the professional game).

My experience is that professional football has done a great deal towards the sobriety of the people. It must necessarily do so, seeing that it takes them away from the public-house for at least two or three hours on Saturday afternoons.

I do not regard professional football as a force working on behalf of temperance, but it could be so if properly organised.

The Very Rev. Father FRANCIS HAYS

(The well-known Founder and President of the World's Catholic Temperance Crusade, and upon whom Pope Leo XIII. conferred the title of "The Apostle of Temperance").

For fourteen years' work in the temperance cause amongst our people in England and in the British colonies entitles me to express an opinion, I should certainly say that professional footballers are quite justified in their claim that football promotes temperance amongst the working men.

Whilst working in two large Midland cities I came

in contact with working-people, who frequently spent the whole of Saturday afternoon in public-houses, but who, subsequent to taking an interest in football, spent the three or four hours at their disposal in journeying to and from the fields and watching the game. The wives and children prefer to see husbands and fathers going to see the football, rather than frequenting the public-houses, because it often means more money for clothes and Sunday dinner.

The CHIEF CONSTABLE OF SHEFFIELD

(Is brief, but to the point).

Yes. All open-air sports do.

Mr. JOHN TURNER RAE

(Secretary, National Temperance League).

I AM quite of opinion that football is conducive to temperance habits.

This view was emphatically expressed in a conference of temperance officials last year in a discussion on, "Sport as an Aid to Temperance."

In conversation with members of adult schools and P.S.A.'s, in the North and Midlands, I have heard the same opinion expressed, and it has been confirmed by observation of the crowds coming towards town from suburban League matches.

The proportion who bombard the coffee-houses, or who hurry homewards without drinking, compares favourably with the number who now frequent public-houses.

The tendency would appear to be, on the whole, towards greater temperance among those interested in sport, no doubt owing to clearer views as to the action of alcohol on tissue.

WITNESS: "I seed 'im 'oldin' 'er down, and 'ittin' 'er abart the 'ead with a poker, your worship."
Magistrate: "And what did you do?"
Witness: "I arsked im wot 'e was a-doin' of."

"THEY treated me so handsomely at the farewell banquet last night," said Mr. Barnes Tormer, "that I assured them I would come back very soon."
"Yes," said Mr. Pepprey, "so Crittick told me. But he said otherwise the affair was very pleasant."

"AFTER all, the sum of human happiness may be totalled up in three words," said she.
"What on earth are they?" inquired her partner in life's joys and sorrows.
"I love you."
"Oh, I thought you meant, 'Pay to bearer.'"

FRIGHTFUL ORDEALS OF STEEPLE-JACKS.

THERE has recently been quite an epidemic of accidents amongst steeplejacks, the last fatal one being at Bradford a few days ago, when a man named Conway fell 170 feet from the top of a stack which he was repairing.

This particular mishap was due to the snapping of part of a ladder, a most unusual occurrence. As a general rule, a "jack's" gear is perfect in its trustworthiness, such fatalities as do occur being due to outside causes.

The rotten overhanging coping of a chimney, for instance, loosened by the jarring of the hammering necessary to fix the ladders for the ascent, may collapse, and descend in an avalanche of bricks and mortar on the unfortunate men's heads. This is a far from uncommon occurrence.

Or a man may be working on top of a "live" chimney; that is to say, one from underneath which the fires have not been drawn, when he is suddenly missed. In such a case his mates know only too certainly what has happened. He has been suddenly overcome by the foul fumes belched from the mouth of the shaft, and has tumbled headlong down its interior, to be presently incinerated in the furnace far below.

Wind, too, is an enemy to be dreaded. A few short, sharp puffs, that will hardly be felt on the ground, will set some shafts rocking like a child's cradle. Woe be to the man, who, in such an emergency, has momentarily let go his hold.

And in addition to these more or less recognised dangers, there are others that no human foresight can guard against. For example, Mr. W. Larkins, who repaired the Nelson Column, once nearly lost his life through being attacked by a swarm of bees, which had made their home in the interior of the top of a tower at Culmstock, in Devonshire.

PAUL PRY UP TO DATE



By HOUGHTON TOWNLEY.

Author of "The Bishop's Emeralds," "The Splendid Coward," etc.

[The hero of this novel and original series of complete stories is Mr. Paul Foss, an idler and mystery-monger, in whom inquisitiveness has become an all-absorbing hobby. He is obsessed with a mania for reading unsuspected secrets in the faces of strangers he passes in the streets, and shadows interesting passers-by whose personalities excite him, spying out their business, grave and gay, honest and dishonest, and in the process stumbling on some amazing mysteries, crimes, comedies, and tragedies. Each story narrates a distinct adventure, and the reader can begin with any one of the series without reference to the others.]

THE ANTOINETTE NECKLACE.

DESPITE all that has been written about Sherlock Holmes and the faculty of acute observation, it is nevertheless rarely possible in real life to read the inward truth by outward signs. Nature herself cunningly contrives exceptions to every rule. There are strong men with weak faces, weak men with strong faces, villains with the eyes of a dove, and saints with villain stamped on every feature.

The Mortimer Chambers affair of the Antoinette necklace, one of the most exciting chases Foss ever had, was a case in point, where the outward appearances were so misleading that even Inspector Daly admitted that the little man was justified in all he did.

Foss was passing Mortimer Chambers one fresh, brisk morning at the end of July, and London was as busy as usual, despite the fact that the papers were talking of an unprecedented holiday exodus. He was loafing, as was his constant habit now, eyeing everybody, and as he passed the entrance to Mortimer Chambers, a block of buildings in one of those narrow streets leading to a highway across the Thames, his attention was attracted by two suspicious-looking men who drew up at the edge of the pavement in a four-wheel cab.

They were evidently both foreign in appearance—one undoubtedly Hebraic, the other a keen-faced individual, sandy-haired, about fifty, with battered-looking cheeks and a wrinkled neck. It was the thin man who attracted his attention first. He might have been anything—rich or poor, honest or dishonest, a lawyer or a trader, a weary clerk or a close-fisted employer. It was no good looking at his sleeves for shiny cuffs, at his boots for Surrey mud, at his fingers for ink-stains, or his nose for marks of spectacles in the Sherlock Holmes method. He was quite nondescript, and carried a small brown bag. But his glance was quick and furtive, like a man accustomed to watch those close at hand cautiously, like a criminal in the habit of looking a great deal behind him.

His companion was of a more florid type, middle-aged, inclining to stout, with a hook nose and large, all-embracing Oriental eyes—a face that could be calm and sleepy, but capable of great animation under excitement, as Foss was soon to realise.

The men dismounted from their cab and stood at the entrance to the chambers talking, and Foss as he passed noted some of the names on the brass plates in the arched doorway. He might have gone on without troubling further about the suspicious-looking individuals if his eye had not caught the names of "Cohen and Stern, Diamond Merchants," on a brass plate in the entry.

At the third time of passing the watchful Foss saw that the sandy man was left alone, standing in the opening; the four-wheel cab had moved a few doors down, and the Jewish man was gone upstairs. The sandy man's eyes were roving everywhere; he looked at Mr. Foss—one glance at his clothes, a second at the big diamond pin in his necktie, and then at his face. But Foss was staring at the sky, and walking at such a businesslike pace that he was soon forgotten. He returned on the other side of the road, just in time to see the Jewish man come downstairs, say a few words to his companion, make a sign to the four-wheel cab driver, and go into a tobacconist's four doors up. The cabman was a villainous-looking rascal, and merely nodded in answer to their stealthy signs.

There was nothing unusual in all this, and no one but Foss would have bothered any further. He was, indeed, about to pass on, when a hansom cab containing a highly-coloured, overdressed, handsome woman, gowned in an aggressive shade of pale blue, with a huge plume of ostrich feathers of the same hue, dashed up to the door of Mortimer Chambers and the lady alighted. She was flurried and excited; the red patches on her cheeks were not due entirely to rouge. She glanced up at the clock which is in the centre of Mortimer Chambers, and sprang hurriedly from the cab before it quite stopped. No hesitation, no examination of the names on the brass plates; she evidently knew the place well and hurried upstairs.

The man on the driver's seat of the four-wheel cab was excited. He craned his neck and showed signs of recognition of the lady, fidgeted, and strained to get a peep at the men in the tobacconist's shop. His whip was ready poised to make a signal, but they were against the counter, with their backs to the door, choosing cigars with the deliberation of connoisseurs.

Scarcely two minutes elapsed before the lady came down, looking much relieved, and, as Foss thought, very

triumphant. She entered her cab, spoke sharply to the driver, and away they went.

At that moment the two men emerged from the tobacconist's, and the driver of the four-wheeled vehicle signalled to the stout man excitedly, pointing to the retreating hansom. One word, inaudible to Foss, passed between them, and the men were flung into a sudden state of excitement. The stout one dashed his newly-lighted cigar into the gutter with an exclamation of rage and tore towards the door of the cab. His companion clutched his arm, pointed to the horse, and evidently remarked that a four-wheeler was

slow, upon which the excited man rushed to the adjoining cab rank and hailed a hansom, dancing with impatience.

By his gestures it was plain that he was ordering the driver to follow the hansom with the lady in it, and from the look of satisfaction on the face of the driver, a big fee was offered if the pursuit proved successful.

Away went the vehicle like mad. Foss could not wait to reason whether there was anything out of the common in all this commotion. His heart thumped, his blood raced, and his detective soul was awake. Into the second cab on the rank he sprang, and gave his orders:

"After that cab with the men in it. Never leave them. I'll make it worth your while. I'm a detective."

The man went about his task leisurely enough, but was sufficiently experienced to soon come nearly level with his quarry. The three cabs went through the ever-increasing traffic of Ludgate Hill and Cheapside towards the Bank, down King William Street, and on to London Bridge. Here the stoppages were many, but the lady in the first cab seemed to be favoured by the traffic constables, and got through again and again. She was nearly lost to sight, and the men following showed frantic excitement by standing on the footboard, clutching the brass rail of the dashboard, and saying incoherent things to the policemen and urging their driver to take more risks.

This was really exciting, and Foss in his cab stuck fast as glue. His jehu was a genius, and squeezed through the traffic like a cat through pea-sticks.

The lady was taken over London Bridge. This suggested a railway, and the railway at London Bridge suggested the Continent. Sure enough, that was the lady's destination.

She got right through and under the archway at a spanking pace, but her pursuers were stopped by a collection of railway vans and motor-buses all locked together at the junction of the road. The delay was so maddening that the excited pursuers could not restrain their impatience. They sprang from the cab and ran through the station yard, hoping to save time, but only arrived at the entrance for the Folkestone trains about the same time as the empty cab.

Foss unassumingly alighted, paid half-a-crown to his driver, and, without seeming to run, kept pace with the pursuing husbands, lovers, creditors, or victims, whichever the gentlemen were.

They were just in time, on arriving at a certain barrier to which the stout man went without hesitation, to see the lady's blue dress fluttering along the platform hundreds of yards away. The guard was waving his flag, and the lady was almost pushed into the moving train. The Folkestone express steamed out while the gasping, breathless pursuer of the lady walked up and down in despair recovering his equilibrium.

Foss had a few moments in which to think out the probabilities.

His first impression was that the men had come to

Mortimer Chambers in the four-wheel cab expecting to intercept or capture the lady, but she had taken them off their guard and had fled to France. Undoubtedly she had taken something with her, something of great value. This idea was strengthened by the expression of despair on the Jewish gentleman's face. He beat the air and stamped his big, flat feet and slapped his trouser-pocket almost pathetically.

There was another theory. Perhaps the men had come in the four-wheeler to help the lady, and she had done the theft alone. Perhaps all three belonged to a gang. Perhaps—there was no end to his speculations. And, as usual, he inclined to a criminal rather than a domestic explanation of the affair.

The men talked eagerly, but the sandy man did not seem so excited. He took his gesticulating friend to the time-tables on the board, and their fingers went up and down the columns; while Foss, apparently interested in other trains, ran his finger up and down a neighbouring bill and listened.

From the few words he caught he learned that Boulogne was the lady's destination—Boulogne, that natural harbour of refugees, absconding creditors, forgers, and gamblers. In Foss's eyes Boulogne was scarcely respectable.

The sandy-haired man, who seemed to have a level head, pronounced the time-tables hopeless, and carried his friend off to a restaurant across the station yard. Here they secured a Bradshaw, and came to a rapid decision, which ended in a rush for a cab, a perpetual consultation of watches, and an obvious attempt to catch another train for the Continent from another station. The lady was to be followed mercilessly. The sandy-haired man persisted that there was plenty of time, but his companion required a great deal of soothing in his despair, and they went off with Foss prepared to follow anywhere. And as his cab bowed along he kept repeating to himself over and over again: "Cohen and Stern, diamond merchants; Cohen and Stern."

This was a diamond mystery. Unless he was very much mistaken, the lady had committed a theft upstairs and had fled with the "swag," leaving her comrades in the lurch. That was the construction he put upon it, for he distinctly remembered the lady stuffing something into a little satchel as she came down the stairs beaming with triumph. The men were not detectives, or they would not have gone so unerringly in pursuit; therefore Foss was prepared to follow to France, if necessary, and see the mystery solved.

The Folkestone boat reached Boulogne a few minutes late, and on the voyage over the anxious pursuers consulted their Bradshaw and talked in an undertone, evidently planning a speedy return journey.

On landing, the sandy man, who spoke French fluently, made a number of inquiries of porters and drivers of hotel-buses, and eventually received some information, which Foss saw him write down in his pocket-book. His next step was to engage a *voiture*, which was driven to a row of prosperous-looking houses facing the front, where there were *apartments à louer* notices confronting them in every window.

While seeking some particular house the stout man caught sight of a girl, apparently an English maid, coming down the steps of an unpretentious building. He rushed at her, and from a convenient distance Foss saw him make excited signs. His hands went out and his head wagged, and he slapped his right-hand pocket.

"He's bribing the girl," thought Foss; "that at least is obvious."

After a few minutes' talk the girl ran back into the house, and the stout man joined his sandy-haired companion, who was waiting in the *voiture*. They now seemed to be on a fair way to success, for their faces beamed, and the stout man mopped his brow, upon which stood glistening drops of perspiration.

"His agitation is natural," thought Foss; "they have arrived at a crisis. Everything depends upon the girl."

They had not long to wait. She rejoined them with something clasped in her right hand, which she placed in the stout man's palm. His fingers closed over it with an exclamation of joy, while the girl beamed, apparently much gratified to have been the instrument of such joy. Yet the men scarcely threw another word at her, and paid no money. They hurried back to the pier, talking volubly and looking at their watches.

"They've got it. A diamond!" thought Foss. "It might be a packet of them. It was big, and that silly girl didn't know what she was giving them. They told her a plausible tale, and she fell into their trap. Their haste to be off was a sure indication of their guilt."

Foss was now convinced that he must not leave his quarry for a single instant. But at the pier he nearly lost them in his difficulty about a ticket. He had no word of French to help him, but the officials fortunately knew enough English. He just caught the Folkestone boat, and settled himself on board in a deck chair near the two men. During the passage across he watched the thieves' faces with growing interest. Their anxiety had changed to self-congratulation; they laughed, and even the sandy man's face wrinkled in smiles. They went below for refreshment, and the stout man raised his glass for a toast, slapping his pocket the moment after—the pocket which contained the bulky packet given him by the girl. It made his trousers bulge on his short, fat thigh, and Foss in imagination saw himself making a dive for that pocket the moment a policeman's hand closed upon the rascal's wrist. He had resolved to call in his friend Daly, as usual, for he could arrest no man alone, nor so much as hold up his hand to intercept the flight of the biggest scoundrel unhung without the authority of the police.

On board he wrote a telegram to Daly: "Be at Charing Cross meet six o'clock train from Folkestone. Bring handcuffs."

The final words were sufficient to indicate to Daly that something more than usual was afoot.

The two men had an agreement by this time. Daly had sufficient appreciation of Foss's ability to be quite willing to accept the credit of all his triumphs and disclaim

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RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

his failures, which, as was obvious, must always be as two to one.

After reading the message Daly pocketed the handcuffs with a smile in which there was some amusement and set out for Charing Cross, yawning wearily on the way. He was alert enough when the train steamed in, and joined Foss without any more greeting than the simple question: "Where?"

"Where?" Foss pointed to the two men going ahead with the little brown bag.

"What's their game?"

"Diamonds."

"Are you sure?"

"I think so. The short, stout man has them in his pocket. Mind they don't spot you talking to me. They're sure to take a cab. We'll follow, and I'll explain on the road."

Although it was nearly dark and most of the offices in Mortimer Chambers were closed, the suspects drove there and disappeared up the staircase, Foss and Daly following as close as they dared. They disappeared into the offices of Cohen and Stern, using a key which did not seem to fit nicely.

"A skeleton key," whispered Foss.

Daly, as he lay on the stairs hushed him down with an impatient gesture, and the moment the door closed behind the rascals, rushed up to the door and put his eye to the keyhole. He saw lights flash out within, but could detect no more.

"We must get a look into that place somehow," he whispered. "I'll stay here. You go down and see where the basement leads to. Find out if there's a back exit, or any window overlooking these premises; look for shadows on the blinds."

Foss reported in a few minutes that the basement led to a little yard at the back, where there was a big dustbin and a telescopic window-cleaning ladder chained to the wall.

Daly brightened at the mention of the ladder, and, leaving Foss to explain to any interfering housekeeper who might appear, wrenched the ladder from its fastenings, pushed it up to its full height, and set it up against the wall under the back window of Cohen and Stern's offices. There was a light going, and the blind was drawn down to within an inch of the window-sill. Daly, by standing on the top rung of the ladder and clinging by his finger-tips to the stone ledge of the window could just get his eyes level with the slit under the blind.

He saw two men in a corner of the room with a bunch of keys opening a safe. At that instant the top rung of the ladder creaked dangerously, and Daly descended to save himself from a broken neck.

He was satisfied with what he had seen; but the news excited Foss to a pitch of uncontrollable activity which irritated Daly.

"Shut up, you fool; keep quiet! Come with me round to the front. I'm going up to demand admittance. The boldest move is best when you're dealing with men like these."

They were standing now on the ground floor, opposite the open door leading to the street. People were passing in a continuous stream, and a cab stopped at the kerb, an extremely smart cab, with the smartest of drivers. A tall, pompous, broad-shouldered man, elderly and of military appearance, stepped out.

Daly started, and his astonishment was so obvious that Foss clutched him inquiringly.

"Stand back," said Daly; "that's Morgan Pierpont, the millionaire."

The man of wealth stood in the entry staring at the brass plates, and running his umbrella point over them until he struck "Cohen and Stern, Diamond Merchants."

"He's going up," whispered Foss. "What does it mean? They may murder him."

"You're right." Daly went forward and saluted respectfully. "Excuse me, Mr. Pierpont, but are you going up to Cohen and Stern's?"

"I am," replied the American. "Who are you? I guess you're a detective. I remember your face."

"Quite right, Mr. Pierpont. Would it be presuming to ask your business with Cohen and Stern?"

"It would. But I suppose you've got your reasons. They've offered me the Autolionette necklace, which I'm keen to get. But why are you here? Aren't they all right?"

"Do you know the firm personally?"

"No; the deal was by letter. But I have an appointment for this hour to the minute. If there's anything wrong tell me, and quick. I'm due at the docks in half an hour, and I can't wait."

Foss looked uneasy, and Daly scratched his nose thoughtfully. Here was a difficulty. Cohen and Stern, diamond merchants, were in communication with a millionaire concerning a diamond necklace, and they were here to keep their appointment. They had entered their chambers with a key and opened their burglar-proof safe in the same manner. What was there wrong in that? There was nothing unusual in their being in their offices after dark if they were expecting a client.

"Is this one of your mare's nests?" asked Daly sotto voce of Foss.

"We ought to go up with the gentleman," replied Foss; "if there's anything fishy going on he'll be safer with us."

"Good idea. Do you mind our accompanying you, sir, as your servants, or friends, or anything you like. We suspect something peculiar about Cohen and Stern."

"By all means," replied the American with the greatest sangfroid. "If there's mischief afoot I'd rather have the police in front of me than behind. I didn't say I was coming alone, but I dare say they guessed it. Anyway, I want that necklace."

He mounted the stairs without further parley, and they followed. The knock at the door was answered by the sandy-haired man, who beamed and bowed, threw wide the door, and invited the callers to enter. The presence of three people did not disconcert him in any way. They all

passed to an inner room, where Mr. Cohen, the stout gentleman, was sitting at a desk. He, too, rose and bowed obsequiously.

"Have you the necklace?" asked the millionaire curtly, without any explanation of the presence of his companions.

"We have, sir. Will you be seated? Very glad to see you, Mr. Pierpont, but we have narrowly escaped missing the deal. You said I must be here to the minute, and in order to do that I've had to travel to France and back in record time."

"For the necklace?" asked the big man.

"Ah, it was stolen," murmured Foss, whose anxiety was increasing every minute. Everything was so normal.

"No, sir, not for the necklace, but for my keys. My family were going to Boulogne, and we packed up and I had all the keys of the trunks on my bunch. Having to meet you here, sir, I arranged for my wife to go on in advance, and promised that before she went I would give her the family keys. In my hurry to get to business I clean forgot all about it. What should she do but rush on here in a cab, with only a few minutes to catch her train, fly into my office, bully my clerk, take away my keys, and tear off again to London Bridge."

Daly looked at Foss, who shrank to half his size.

"My cabman, who drives me to the office every day, saw her, and told me of her visit. I knew at once what she had come for, and I was off after her like a detective. She had taken the key of the safe as well, and I arrived at London Bridge in time to watch the train going out of the station. There was nothing for it but to follow, and, what was worse, I didn't know where she was going to stay in Boulogne. My partner here, who ought to have been a policeman—he really ought, sir—thought it all out for me, and we traced her by the aid of porters and luggage men to her rooms in Boulogne, only to find that she had gone out shopping; but our maid, who had gone over with her, knew where the keys were, and got them for me, just in time to enable us to rush back and get here by the Folkestone train. And here we are, sir, with everything in order. If I hadn't gone across, the necklace would have been locked up in that safe so securely that nothing short of dynamite would have got it out. It's a burglar-proof safe, sir, the second one I've had since I've been in business. The first came to grief through losing keys, and the men were a week trying to get it open. It had to be blasted at last. But there, I'm talking about my own affairs and forgetting that you're in a hurry."

"I am," replied the American. "Where's the necklace? If it's like the drawing you sent along, and you guarantee it genuine, I'll take it. I've got my cheque-book."

Daly bent over to Foss, who was sitting on the edge of a chair, perceptibly shrinking with nervous humiliation, and whispered laconically:

"You'd better clear."

Foss took his hat quietly, crept to the door, and slid through. He crawled down the stairs like a worm—at least, he felt like one—and would have been thankful if anybody had trodden on him, so complete was his collapse.

He resolved never to act again in a hurry, and strengthened it by an oath. But, like many other resolves, it was bound to be broken. For the moment he was chastened, and he crept home to Brixton, wondering if, after all, he had really discovered his metier. Did nature intend him for a detective, or did she merely design him for a common or garden fool?

Another of Mr. Foss' Adventures will be related next week.

ROUGH ON THE JUDGE.

A British judge in India, an expert on the typewriter, used it for the taking of judicial notes.

The machine was taken into court, when a certain novelty was imparted to the proceedings by the clink of the keys and the tinkle of the bell. The native prisoner was found guilty and sentenced.

Promptly he appealed, on the ground that, instead of listening to the evidence, the judge had whiled away his time by playing on a musical instrument.

"Young man," said her father, "I don't want you to be too attentive to my daughter."

"Why—er—really," stammered the young man, "I had hoped to marry her some—"

"Exactly, and I'd like to have you marry her, but if you're too attentive to her you won't have money enough to do it."

A COUPLE of pitmen up in London for a holiday halted in front of a brass plate fixed on the front door of a house, whereon was inscribed in bold characters the word, "Chiropodist."

"Chiropodist!" remarked one of them perplexedly. "What's that?"

"Why," replied his companion, "a chiropodist is a chap that teaches canaries to whistle."

ABSENCE OF MIND.

THE country solicitor had not a brain of the most intelligent order, and was somewhat absent-minded into the bargain; and by the time he arrived in London on important business he had clean forgotten the name of the client he had come to town to see. So he wired to his partner: "What is our client's name?"

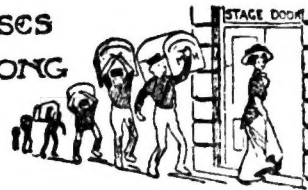
For ninety minutes he waited patiently for a reply. Then a messenger boy brought him the expected telegram.

It read: "Walter Brown. Yours is William Smith."

THIRTY DRESSES FOR ONE SONG

And Other Interesting Confessions.

By
MILLIE HYLTON.



[Pretty and talented member of a pretty and talented family; her four sisters are known to fame as Letty Lind, Adelaide Astor, Lydia Flopp, and Fanny Dango. Miss Hylton sprang into popularity with her inimitable rendering of "The Rowdy Dowdy Boys" and "Linger Longer, Loo," and has ever since been a darling of the public.]

Yes, it is quite true that I have returned to the London music-halls, after touring in Mr. Poppo of Ippleton, with thirty new dresses for one song—"Meet Me Under the Golden Dome," and with almost as many more delightful "vanities" from Bond Street and Paris for my other song "If I Hadn't Been So Lady-like." But thirty new dresses for the "Golden Dome" alone!—I do not exaggerate by one flounce.

Of course, I don't wear them all in the same evening, for I am no Fregoli in frocks—no, I wear them in turn, or out of turn, according to the decorative needs and my own moods of the moment.

Still, it does seem a lot of money and dress to spend on one song. Why do I do it?

I CAN'T SING IN AN UGLY FROCK.

Well, in the first place, because it pays. Music-hall audiences now expect the best in the way of stage mounting and dressing, and it pays to give it them.

Then women now form a considerable proportion of music-hall audiences, and I need hardly say that they are interested in dress. Moreover, though I don't want to appear conceited, I have a reputation for dressing well, and women come to see me expecting to find something new and pretty in the way of feminine frippery, and it wouldn't do to disappoint them, would it?

A third point—my thirty dresses make people talk and want to come again. One woman will say to another: "I saw Millie Hylton on Tuesday night and she was wearing the loveliest dream of pink and cream."

"Are you sure?" says the other, "for I saw her on Wednesday and she'd got on the sweetest thing you ever saw—black and yellow," and so they compare notes and decide to come again and see what I shall be wearing next time.

But even if it were not sound policy to be extravagant in dress for the stage, I should still spend a large proportion of my salary on dressing my songs.

For although, curiously enough, I am not very fond of dress off the stage, of course I like to look nice. But I don't live for my wardrobe alone. Stage costumes are something of a passion with me, and I have been ever since as a child of four I made my debut in a pantomime in Birmingham.

I am sure I couldn't sing a song properly if I had to do it in an ugly or ill-fitting frock, and to me it is a labour of love to see that my costumes are as perfect in detail as it is possible to make them.

And this is true not only of frocks, but of boy's costumes, of which I have worn many. When I sang the "Rowdy Dowdy Boys," I had a lovely boy's dress, and everybody said that my breeches were tight. But they weren't, they were real breeches, only so exquisitely made that they fitted as closely as tight.

SIR ARTHUR'S COMPLIMENT.

My breeches, indeed, if you won't think me indelicate in alluding to such a subject, are famous, and I have had scores of letters from young men asking for the name of my breeches-maker, but that is a secret I have always carefully preserved.

Of course, I don't say that dresses, however beautiful, will atone for indifferent work, or make a bad song "go," but they are a great help towards putting your audience, more especially the feminine part thereof, in a sympathetic frame of mind.

But, as I say, fine feathers won't make a bad song "go." I have spent as much as £200 on mounting and dressing a song, and it has failed.

The only thing, however, that one can say with certainty about the public's taste is that it is uncertain. For example, I felt sure that the "Rowdy Dowdy Boys" would be a failure—when I first read it, it seemed too awfully silly for anything.

Yet it was one of my greatest successes, and led directly to my engagement to play "Don Juan" at the Gaiety Theatre, where I sang "Linger Longer Loo," which Mr. Sidney Jones had specially written for me.

I shall never forget my debut at the Gaiety, though, paradoxically, I don't remember much about it. I seemed to be in a dream, from which I only awakened to find Sir Arthur Sullivan shaking me by the hand, and telling me that I had the "most pathetic little voice."

h I had ever heard, a compliment of which I have always been very proud.

Millie Hylton

How doth the little busy bee, so tireless and so loyal, put up with its existence, since it cannot read the ROYAL?

A Helping Hand.



Mr. Chorley Becomes a
Farmer's Boy.

By ARNOLD COLSWORTHY.

CHORLEY had gone down to a farmhouse in the country for a week, as Mrs. Chorley was on a visit to her mother, who was, of course, a dear old lady, but hardly to Mr. Chorley's taste. The terms at the farmhouse were very moderate, and he was quite satisfied with the accommodation. The only drawback was that his restlessly active spirit didn't take kindly to a life of merely looking on. When he came downstairs on the second morning, he met the farmer, who had just returned from a tour of inspection.

"I say," said Chorley, "isn't there some little thing I could do about the place, just to help a little?" "Why, certainly," replied the farmer. "We're dreadfully short-handed just now. How would you like to cut up some of the mangel-wurzels for the cows?"

"Suit me, first rate," replied Chorley. "If you'll lend me a knife and a plate, I'll cut 'em up out here under a shady tree. It's too hot to remain indoors to-day."

"You come along o' me," said the farmer encouragingly. "You got a lot to learn about farmin', I can see that. We cuts up the mangel-wurzels in the barn. You have to have a machine for a job o' that sort."

Chorley followed the farmer to one of the barns, where a labourer was pitchforking the mangel-wurzels into a machine that looked like a huge coffee mill.

"You can go and start work in the orchard, Bob," said the farmer, addressing the labouring man. "This gentleman here's goin' to do the mangels for us."

"I suppose you call 'em 'mangels' on account of the cutting machine," observed Chorley brightly. He was feeling unusually cheerful that morning. "It does look something like a mangling job, doesn't it?"

The farmer looked thoughtful for a minute. Then he said, as he tapped the machine with his nubby finger: "This ain't a mangle. These are what we call mangels—short for mangel-wurzels." And while he was speaking he picked up one of the tubers and showed it to Chorley in support of his assertion.

"I know," said Chorley. "I was only making a little joke."

The farmer looked thoughtful again. "I dessay you're right," he said gravely, "but what we want is to get these here mangels sliced up for the cows. We don't get much time for jokin' in these parts." Saying which, the farmer turned sharply on his heel, evidently satisfied that a gratuitous attempt had been made to heap ridicule upon him.

Chorley threw off his coat, and gripped the handle at once. After two or three turns he was a little disappointed to find that the job was not quite such an easy one as he had bargained for. At the end of five minutes he had a pain in the back bigger than



He grew positively giddy.

you could have covered with one hand. He therefore sat down for a bit to think over the situation. Just then the farmer looked into the barn.

"Hallo," he said. "Got 'em all done? That's quik work." And then, as he came farther in, he ex-

claimed: "Why, you've only just started the job. There's an hour's good work there."

"The fact is," explained Chorley, rising to his feet with an obvious effort, "it's a rather harder

job than I anticipated. It's made my back ache already. Couldn't you give me something easier?"

"What d'yer mean—something easier?" queried the farmer, bluntly, as his bulgy neck began to purple up a little. "This is about the easiest job on the farm. Is this the joke you were talking about just now? Because, I can tell you straight, it don't pay to make an April fool o' me."

"No, no, no," protested Chorley hurriedly. "You're quite—"

"Very well, then," interrupted the farmer. "You slip into it as you promised. There's nobody else to do it, because I've sent the man over to the other side o' the farm, and the cows 'll be getting hungry in a minute."

Chorley heaved a sigh and flung himself at the wheel once more as the farmer departed wrathfully. The pain in his back grew larger and fiercer every minute, and, whenever he stopped for a moment's rest, he had to hang on to the side of the barn, in order to pull himself out straight again. He turned the handle till the perspiration trickled down his face and he grew positively giddy. During one of his intervals of rest, which grew more frequent by degrees, a sturdy-looking boy, with an Irish terrier at his heels, came and stood at the barn door and looked on. Chorley, in his despair, promptly offered the boy a shilling to finish the task, as he did not like facing the farmer again till the mangels had all been chopped. The boy was no more than five minutes completing the work, and, as he pocketed the shilling, he seemed to have come to the conclusion that Chorley had strange ideas as to the value of labour in the country.

"I s'pose, mister, you ain't used to farm work, hey?" he said at length.

"No," replied Chorley, "I'm down here for a holiday, but, of course, I like to learn all I can." As he spoke he walked along beside the boy, and looked about for a shady spot, where it was his intention to



The poor thing would never smile again.

lie down for a while and rest his aching back. A moment later the two reached a meadow, in a distant part of which a flock of sheep were grazing. Chorley sat down under the shade of an oak tree, and gave a sigh of relief.

"You got to be very careful o' them sheep, mister," said the boy with a twinkle in his eye.

"How do you mean?" asked Chorley curiously. "I'm not going to hurt them."

"No," agreed the boy, "but that ain't sayin' they won't 'urt you. They're a new kind, and now and again, when they see a stranger, as like as not they'll rush at him and bite him to death."

"Rubbish," exclaimed Chorley, "why—"

"Well, all right, mister," returned the boy, "you can't say as I ain't warned you." And he stuck his hands in his pockets, and whistled to his dog, and went off along the side of the meadow.

It seemed to Chorley that he had never heard anything so ridiculous as the suggestion of sheep attacking anybody. He sat and looked at them with half-closed eyes as they browsed peacefully, and couldn't imagine them as being in any way aggressive. He did not see the sturdy-looking boy artfully incircling the flock of sheep, so as to get nicely behind them. Neither did he see the boy, at just the right moment, send his dog scampering into the midst of the flock. What Chorley did see was that all at once the sheep raised their heads, and then came tearing madly in his direction.

He never doubted for a moment that they were after him. He gave a cry of despair and scrambled to his feet, dimly trying to imagine how much there would be left of him if all the infuriated animals decided to bite him in turn, and he also wondered how it would feel to be bitten in about fifteen places at the same moment.

In a perfect agony of panic he bolted at full speed out of the meadow, and plunged blindly into the



The farmer emerged with Chorley's bag and umbrella.

farmyard, where he fell right in the midst of a litter of young pigs. The little porkers scattered to the right and left with excusable cries of alarm. That is, they all scattered except one. That one, somehow, ran in the wrong direction, and was underneath Chorley as he came down with a crash.

Chorley shuddered as he felt the unhappy porker squeeze under him. And, as he struggled to his feet and surveyed the damage, he could not disguise from himself the fact that the poor thing would never smile again. At the same moment the farmer came up hurriedly.

"Bless my soul," he gasped, "what are you up to now?"

"It's—the—sheep," panted Chorley, pointing behind him. "They chased me—across the meadow—and, if I hadn't run hard—I should have got pretty badly bitten. You oughtn't to keep things like—"

"Here, half a minute, half a minute," interrupted the farmer sternly. "Is this another 'joke' or what? Because, if it is, I don't mind tellin' you that it's gone about as far as I can stand it."

"I don't know what you mean," protested Chorley indignantly. "Do you suppose I should say the sheep had chased me if they hadn't?"

"Well," replied the farmer, indicating his horse-whip, "if you was twenty years younger I'd show you what I mean—with this. But, as it is, I'll just ask you to pack up your things and go. I can't afford to have my sheep chased and my pigs killed as you're doin' it, and it'll be cheaper for me to lose your money."

"Oh, I'll go quickly enough," retorted Chorley, as he walked into the garden that adjoined the farmyard, talking over his shoulder as he went. "My idea was to come down here and get a little peace and quiet, and to make myself useful. Instead of which—"

Chorley's little lecture was cut short abruptly at this point. Owing to the fact that he wasn't looking where he was going, he had walked right into a standard rose-tree, and snapped it in half. In the sudden heat of the moment, the farmer dashed forward with his whip raised, but, recovering himself, he said sarcastically:

"You stop here and I'll bring your things out to you. It'll come cheaper to me, because I can see this is your busy day. The station's only a couple o' miles away, and the walk there'll cool your blood a bit." And, without waiting for any comment, the farmer strode into the house, emerging a few moments later with Chorley's Gladstone bag and umbrella. As he pushed Chorley gently towards the gate leading to the road, he added:

"If there's anything missing, all I ask is that you won't come and fetch it yourself. Send your keeper. Good-day."

"ALAS!" confessed the penitent man, "in a moment of weakness I stole a car-load of brass fittings."

"In a moment of weakness?" exclaimed the judge. "Goodness, man! what would you have taken if you had yielded in a moment when you felt strong?"

PREFERRED THE MELODEON.

A BUSINESS man was recently proudly exhibiting a new typewriter to his father-in-law, who was up from the country on a visit. He tapped the keys for a minute or so to show his proficiency.

"There! What do you think of that?" he asked. "Well," was the rural one's reply, "it's a fine instrument, and maybe it's 'igh-class music; but, bless ye, for somethin' touchin', you should 'ear my boy Jim on 'is melodeon!"

Picked Pars.

Over-fed in Gaol.

Inmates of the Perry County (U.S.A.) gaol are actually complaining that they are over-fed. They say they are given so much pie and cake and so little exercise that they are developing dyspepsia.

Modest Cadgers.

A Durham miner who came into a fortune recently has received a letter from a poet in London, who asked for £10,000 to publish his poems. Another correspondent applied for money with which to buy a glass eye; one wants a horse and cart, and a Belfast cleric requested £1,000 for his church.

Can't Diddle the Dentist.

When Edward Read, of Lincoln, Nebraska, paid his dentist with a bogus cheque for filling three teeth with gold, he reckoned without his host. The dentist had him arrested, went to the prison with forceps, and, with the aid of a policeman, forcibly extracted the three teeth, and thus recovered his gold.

Back to Simplicity.

Mrs. Hetty Green, the seventy-year-old financier, who recently created astonishment by leaving her humble quarters to take up residence in one of the most fashionable hotels in New York and make her *début* in society, has returned to the simple life in a middle-class boarding-house with her daughter Sylvia and her pet poodle Dewey.

Airship Spoons.

Teaspoons have been made out of the aluminium frame of the ill-fated Zeppelin airship, and are being sold as souvenirs, the proceeds going to the "Zeppelin fund."

Raffling the Baby.

A baby whose mother was too poor to support it was raffled for at a theatre in Paris, Kentucky, and has been adopted by the holder of the winning number.

League of Sporting Losers.

A man named Wesslavski, who lost all his property at cards, is organising an anti-gambling league at Moscow. Only those who have lost at least £20 at cards are eligible for membership.

It Didn't Work.

While Mrs. John Craveel, of Wilkesbarre, U.S.A., was visiting friends, a grocer, to whom she owed money, seized her baby for the debt. He was arrested, and ordered to pay £1, in addition to returning the child.

Shifting the Cave-men.

After an exciting battle squatters living in caves dug out of the earth at Stoke Heath, near Coventry, have been driven away by a band of youths armed with stones. The squatters gained a living by turning over a refuse heap, and their presence caused much resentment in the neighbourhood.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Not to be Beaten.

While hastening on his bicycle to apply for a situation in the City a young man ran into a policeman and was summoned. He obtained the situation, but the summons placed him in a quandary, for he could not ask for a day off so soon, nor could he ignore the summons. He saved the situation by sending a district messenger in his stead.

Willing to Oblige.

A burglar who entered a Beddington house and, among other articles, took a clock from the drawing-room, on coming out met the owner, who, thrown off his guard by the thief's boldness, concluded that he had been sent for to take the timepiece away for repair. The owner told him the dining-room clock also wanted a little attention, and he might as well take that. The burglar took it.

Deathbed Wedding.

Ernesto Santaglio, a tram inspector, taken to a Naples hospital after an accident, was told that there was no hope for his recovery. He thereupon asked that he should be permitted to marry his sweetheart, in order that she might receive, as his widow, a pension to which he was entitled. The ceremony took place in the ward, and on its conclusion the bride swooned. She recovered only a few hours later when her husband was dead.

Picture Pars. See Footline.

DODGING THE WATER RATE.

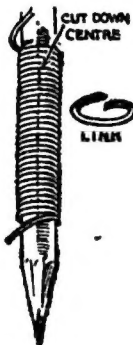
THE special water rate of 10s. per year for those using a hose-pipe for watering the garden is strongly resented by most amateur gardeners. It may be avoided by means of the contrivance shown in the picture. One



end of the hose-pipe is placed in the bath (the use of bath water for the garden being allowed) and the illustrated attachment is fixed to the other end. A few applications of the small pump and a steady flow of water is caused by syphonage. There will be considerable force behind the water from any bath a few feet from the ground.

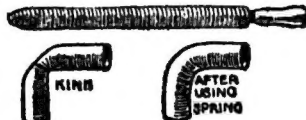
HOW WATCH-CHAINS ARE MADE.

AN enormous number of people possess watch-chains nowadays, but few could make one for themselves. The following is the process. First procure a piece of wire (silver or German silver) of whatever thickness the chain is to be made, taking care that it is free from kinks. Wind it neatly and evenly round a lead pencil as many times as you require links, pulling out the pencil when you have finished. Then with a fretsaw cut the wire down the middle, thus making the links. These should then be linked together and silver-soldered one by one. The links may be given an ornamental twist, if so desired, by putting the first link of the chain in a vice, nipping the last in a pair of hand vices, and giving the latter a sharp turn.



MUCH USED BY PLUMBERS.

ONE of the difficulties met with in bending lead pipes is the liability to "kink" or flatten at the curve. Plumbers get over this difficulty by using the tool depicted by our artist.

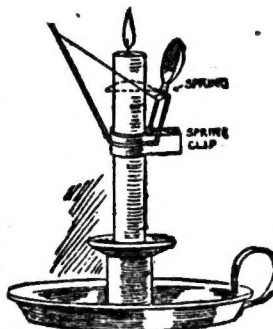


The "blade" part is formed of a strong spiral spring. This is pushed into the pipe and as it yields slightly when forced in the direction in which the workman wishes to bend the pipe, it prevents the flattening or "kinking" at the curve which would otherwise render the lead tube useless.

AUTOMATIC CANDLE SNUFFER.

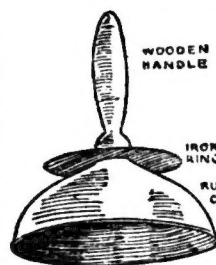
A GOOD many people indulge in the habit of reading in bed, and to such the automatic candle snuffer shown in the picture should prove an unadulterated blessing.

Apart from the nuisance of rousing oneself to put out the light after becoming thoroughly drowsy, there is always the chance of dropping off to sleep with the candle still alight and so incurring the risk of fire. The snuffer, as may be seen from the illustration, is held up until the candle has burned down to the thread. The latter then catches fire and releases the tail of the snuffer. This, forced over by a light spiral spring, promptly descends upon the flame and puts it out.



CLEAR AWAY OBSTRUCTIONS.

THE instrument shown in the illustration is called a



force-cup, and is used for clearing away obstructions in waste water pipes leading from bathrooms and scullery sinks. The bottom part, consisting of a rubber cup, is placed over the outlet from the basin, and is then covered with water. On being pressed up and down smartly for a few times the air pressure forces away the obstruction, and the waste water is drained off swiftly.

TAKES IT LYING DOWN.

AMONGST the many difficulties with which the amateur photographer has to wrestle, the task of developing rollable films is one of the most troublesome. Indeed, so trying is the process, that many an amateur fights shy of them altogether. By means of the simple contrivance shown in the picture, however, he will find his task rendered comparatively simple. Two pure rubber bands should be placed round a piece of plain glass, or better still celluloid, and the edges of the film inserted beneath them. It will then lie quite flat during the process of development.



Pars about Footballers.

J. S. Fryer (Fulham).

It is hoped and expected that J. S. Fryer, the big Fulham goalkeeper, who had his forearm fractured towards the end of the 1907-8 season, will be able to play some football this season. If his late doings on the cricket field are any criterion, he has made a complete recovery, at any rate.

Last season he was out of the game altogether, but although the Fulham officials knew perfectly well that he would be of no footballing use to the club they nevertheless signed him on and paid him the full maximum wage. But though he was not "in harness" himself the old Derby County man was, and is, so keen on his club's welfare, that after the Cup victory over Manchester City, a victory which took the team into the semi-final for the first time in history, he literally cried from joy in the dressing-room after the game was over!

On his day—and consistency is one of his strong points—Fryer has few superiors anywhere; and his excellent "style" always makes his work under the bar most interesting and enjoyable.

J. Parkinson (Liverpool).

It is curious how at least one nasty accident seems to be inevitable at the beginning of every season. This year Blanthorne, of Newcastle United, had his leg broken in his club's first match; last season Walton, the Chelsea back, met with a similar mishap, and in September 1906 Parkinson, Liverpool's inside right, fell and broke his arm in his opening game at Woolwich.

This accident laid Parkinson aside for practically the whole season, and even when he made his reappearance he was almost immediately hurt again. This second accident, although no bones were broken, occurred in the Sheriff of London Shield match, between Liverpool and the Corin-

thians, and Parkinson's remarks while he was on the ground in pain show how professionals regard the game as played by the famous amateurs.

"Well," he said after the charge, a heavy but perfectly fair one, which laid him low, "well, I didn't expect to be hurt in this match."

Apart from his unfortunate tendency to get "in the wars," Parkinson is a most useful forward. Hitherto he has always played at inside right, but now he is said to be cultivating a liking for outside left, a position in which his great speed ought to stand him in good stead.

Arthur Bridgett (Sunderland).

It is a firm belief with thousands of people that a professional footballer is, *ipso facto*, an illiterate, lazy, and, generally speaking, undesirable sort of being.

To those who know anything of the true facts such a contention is ludicrous in the extreme, and, in support, the case of Arthur Bridgett—by no means a unique case—may be cited. Here we have a young man whose be-all and end-all certainly is not merely football playing. On the contrary, Sunderland's brilliant International outside left is probably as intelligent and as well-read as the majority of those who sneer at professional footballers as a class. He takes a deep interest in religious matters, and frequently addresses meetings of young men and boys; philosophy, logic, and general science are not "over his head."

As a footballer, he was good enough to play for England against Scotland last season, and probably will be for several seasons to come.

B. Warren (Chelsea).

In inducing Ben Warren to join them Chelsea have undoubtedly made the catch of the close season.

For Warren is without question the finest right half-

A Few Facts about Well-known Players.

back playing football to-day. There is nothing showy about him, and playing to the gallery does not enter into his scheme of football; but for real, downright cleverness, for getting the ball from an opponent and giving it to a *confrère*, and for all that goes to make up a great half-back Warren is second to none. Healthy, old-fashioned charging is one of his specialities, and a peculiar knack of feinting to tackle and thus bewildering an opponent is another.

He is an international many times over, and he was connected with Derby County for nine seasons, only leaving them because he considers that Second League games tend to shorten a player's first-class career.

A. Turnbull (Manchester United).

THERE is probably no more skilful "header" to-day—certainly not among forwards, at any rate—than "Sandy" Turnbull of Manchester United.

Exactly how much last season's League champions owed to the little Scotsman's headpiece it would be impossible to say, and it would be interesting to know how many of the club's 81 goals came from "Sandy's" wonderful way of "nodding" at Meredith's admirable centres from the extreme right. The number would probably be a record one, and the figures would form a valuable testimony to the results to be achieved by one player "nursing" another's strong point.

Apropos of nursing, during Manchester United's Continental tour last spring—a tour which cost the club £80 per man, by the way—J. J. Bentley, the well-known football legislator, who accompanied the team, was taken ill. Turnbull proved himself to be a most excellent and attentive nurse, however; and so much did Mr. Bentley appreciate his services, that he presented him with a gold watch on their return to England.

THE MOST REMARKABLE STORY OF THE CENTURY.

BEGINS TO-DAY.

A Dead Man's Adventures.

THE SECRET STORY OF GRAYMAN BLAND

Told by Frank Kyrle White, B.A., Clerk in Holy Orders.

Rendered by "NEMO."

THE DEAD MAN'S FIGHT FOR LIFE.

"PRISONER at the Bar, the jury has found you guilty of a horrible crime. Under the pretext of hospitality you lured your neighbour to your hearth. On the evening of October 13th he came to dine with you at your fishing lodge on the banks of a Border river. That night John Brewster disappeared; his dead body was found in an unfrequented spot by your own gamekeeper, buried in the heather on the very moor over which you had yourself shot grouse with him but three days before.

"It has been proved that Mr. Brewster on the night in question carried on his person a unique specimen of a Mexican black pearl of some 27 carats in weight and 3½ ins. in circumference, well known as the 'Black Dew-drop'; it has been proved that you were an amateur collector of large pearls. You killed Mr. Brewster. The 'Black Dewdrop' has not been recovered. It is to be presumed that you stole and have hidden it. Cruel and despicable behaviour can go no further.

"Now it is possible to 'reconstruct' this ruthless crime. After you had fed your victim, you smoked cigars and drank whiskies and soda with him by the fire in the drawing-room of your shooting-box. You sat together far into the night and played piquet. Then, late, when all the servants were in bed, you made some excuse to go into the dining-room; you returned there from having taken a buckhorn-handled carving knife and a napkin from the drawer of the mahogany sideboard. These articles you, in some way, concealed upon your person. You stepped behind Mr. Brewster as he sat in fancied security in your own armchair, and—from behind—you plunged the long, thin knife through the back of your guest. The murdered man fell forward on your hearthrug.

"You then slipped into your overcoat, opened the French window, fetched a spade from the tool-shed in the garden, extinguished the lamp, took your victim upon your shoulders, and, with his body on your back, walked through the window on to the carriage-drive. Thence you carried him nearly a quarter of a mile to the place of burial, where, by the light of the moon, under a secluded spinney of fir trees, you interred the friend you had so foully done to death.

"That, in the dark, you were unconscious that Mr. Brewster's body still bled is proved by the slight but steady drip of blood all the way.

"By a drop of blood here and there your terrible walk was tracked. You wiped the carving-knife carefully and replaced it in the mahogany sideboard drawer. You then went to bed. But you forgot your boots.

"Yet you examined them and left them outside your bedroom door as usual. Apparently they were innocent of evidence against you. But you did not examine the soles. You had stepped on blood; but the blood stains had been covered with dust, so that there was nothing visible to you on the soles. So confident were you of escaping discovery that you actually laughed when at first confronted by this quite conclusive piece of evidence.

"No suspicion attaches to any servant in the remote parts of the building. It has been proved that no one else stirred in the house until the morning. It has been proved that your own valet delivered your boots to the police. They were chemically examined, and on the soles were found traces of human blood. A tenth part of such evidence has hanged many a man.

"The postman in the morning first noticed the drops of blood on the carriage-drive; he thought it to be that of a hare, hard hit upon the moor; he talked of it at the local inn the same evening. Not until Mr. Brewster's absence became a matter of public knowledge did the local policeman, who was present in the public-house, remember this village talk. Then all was plain. You were soon tracked by your own keeper, detected by your own valet. To confirm all this, you attempted the very morning after the murder to escape by motor-car, travelling to Greenock, thereby hoping to cross the Atlantic before you were suspected.

"To all this evidence you answer that your victim left you about midnight, to walk home two miles by road to the neighbouring mansion of which he was a tenant. That

it was Mr. Brewster's custom so to walk, for the sake of his health, even by night, is admitted. You assert that you knew nothing of his death; you assert that the missing jewel is not in your possession.

"To such a man as you, of education and wealth, possessing all that the world can give, it is quite useless to address admonition.

"The sentence of the court is that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may God have mercy on your soul."

The prisoner stood in the dock, warders on either side of him, erect and quite calm, while the gaunt judge in his white wig and black cap addressed him with icy contempt.

Not only did the condemned man not flinch, but from all his six feet of height he seemed to dominate everyone present in the court, as if he were master of it.

With the palms of his hands upon his hips, James Gladman Blunt, well groomed in his frock coat of Mayfair cut, seemed almost supercilious. At least he had an air of serene detachment from the proceedings. His curly black hair, close cut to the head, and short, wiry, pointed Vandyke beard, his tanned face, with protuberant brows, large, deep-sunken, melancholy eyes which, when they caught the light, seemed to be of a dark green colour, his aquiline nose, and sweet-lipped, rather wide mouth to be seen under the curled-up moustache, all marked him to be an exceptional personality at any time. But now he appeared much as a statesman would look, when waiting to address a political meeting.

I have never seen a face so utterly self-possessed. When during the trial he had glanced round the crowded court it had been with a sort of tired and cynical boredom—this world-weary air had much irritated the counsel for the Crown, who took it for a pose.

Never shall I forget this dramatic scene, that stuffy, close-packed court. But it was the precursor for me of many scenes yet more strange. As prison chaplain, it was my custom to attend trials for murder, in order that—should the prisoner be condemned—I might best study how to reach his heart before he died upon the scaffold.

The criminals I was accustomed to see in that dock were hang-dog fellows, either cringingly abject or brutally callous. But this man, whose trial had made such an overwhelming sensation throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, stood not only fearless, but contemptuous.

Mr. Gladman Blunt had been known by general repute, hitherto, as a trout and salmon fisherman and rifle shot rather than as a mining magnate who had lived all over the world—as a convivial Bohemian rather than as a frequenter of fashionable drawing-rooms. True, he had lately given liberally to charities. But nothing was known of his life in private beyond that he mixed continually with people in a poor, even low condition of life.

This which before the trial counted as an eccentricity of a self-made man, now was thought to be a habit due to innate depravity.

He was well-known at Lord's and the Oval, this had counted in his favour; he was a collector of pearls and pictures. His zest was keen for any novelty, although he soon wearied of it. He had been known to say openly that he had exhausted all pleasures.

In his short defence, he had accounted for his sudden departure for America on the ground that he was tired, for the time being, of salmon fishing and grouse shooting. He asserted that it was by pure chance that, on the very morning after the murder, he had wired for a berth on an outgoing Atlantic liner from Greenock and had at once travelled down in his motor-car to the ship. His object, so he said, was merely to go into camp with Red Indians in the State of Maine and there to shoot moose; it had been simply a whim. But a whim, under the circumstances, quite incredible.

Blunt had been actually arrested on board twenty minutes before the liner was due to sail. This smart capture had proved to be not the least sensational feature in a most sensational affair. His preposterous plea, and the sort of secret life he had seemed to live in London, told much against him in public opinion. The fact also that he lived to himself and was known to disappear now and then for days at a time, caused the worst inferences to be drawn.

And now there he stood, stroking his beard like a proud Spanish don, with a majesty fully equal to that of the law which condemned him. He seemed to know all life as, with a pale, derisive smile, he faced the judge opposite. Not once did he lose his smile. Nay, so great a command of his features had he, that he seemed like a great critic bored by the wearisome play in which the Bench and Bar had been performing for his private benefit.

All could see that he had a contempt for death. It was obvious, too, that he felt no disgrace. How hard must be the heart of such a man! Yet I could not help admiring him.

As the last terrible words dropped from the lips of

the judge the eye of the prisoner fell from the fanlight in the ceiling of the court, at which he had been gazing fixedly during the address; they met the judge's silent scrutiny, eye to eye, fixedly. As the judge stared, the prisoner said almost rudely

"I did not kill John Brewster; therefore your remarks are beside the point—one day you will know this. Meanwhile, I agree that the evidence before you must appear conclusive. Therefore, neither you"—and he turned blandly to the jury—"nor the gentlemen in the box need have anything upon your consciences."

Then this amazing person bowed stiffly, swung round on his heel, and disappeared down the dark dock-stair to the cells.

I was not the only one who took a deep intake of breath. Surely a British court of law had never seen audacity like this.

The next time I saw Gladman Blunt was with two warders in the condemned cell. At first he refused my ministrations politely enough. He said that his conscience was clear, and that he had made his own peace with Heaven. With quite ridiculous bravado he maintained steadily that the sole interest he had left in life was to find out who the real murderer of Brewster was. Except for his curiosity on this one point, he declared that he was not anxious to live.

On the day set apart for his end, I made my last visit in the early morning some time before his death became due. Few words passed between us; he was aloof, but perfectly gentle, and both tractable and courteous. Somehow, I felt altogether his inferior.

I have never before offered spiritual consolation to so splendid a specimen of a man, physically and intellectually. Why should a life with so many possibilities still open be wasted?

I am not an æsthetic priest, as, I fear, my name implies. I have a bulldog face which earned me the name of "Pug White" at Rugby. A wisp of tow-coloured hair grows obstinately over my forehead, almost over my eyes. I am short, square, and have played full back at the Rugby game for Cambridge. And so to me, as a man, the brutality of doing to death—without attempting at reform—this prize specimen of humanity with all his fine faculties alert and his manliness in its prime seemed an insult to Creation.

My soul began to revolt against capital punishment. I vowed that never again would I be in a position of being compelled to witness the hanging of a human creature. I confess that I was completely unstrung.

"Man, man!" I cried at last as I seized his hand in mine, "have you no fear of the consequences of death?" He gave a slight shudder. For the first time he seemed a little touched; perhaps by the fact of my speaking to him as one man to another.

"I wish you wouldn't try to unnerve me," he replied, releasing his hand.

"But at least confess! Do not be stiff-necked at such a moment—confess!"

"I did not kill him," he answered wearily.

"Falsehood is no use now," I insisted.

"No," he said, "not in the least, but I happen to be speaking the truth. All the same, I wish you could believe me."

"Why only me?"

"Oh, because I like you, with your honest, rugged face. You have a good heart." He leant across and now took my hand in his; he pressed it hard. "Please do believe me," he added earnestly.

Something seemed to crumble away within me. I cannot account for it; it was pure feeling, I suppose. I may have been simple, I may have been hoodwinked; but it seemed as if a sudden gust of wind had blown all my doubts away. I do not pretend to be clever. And, as I saw this man's earnest, grey face meeting my gaze so firmly, in spite of myself I blurted out: "Somehow I do seem to believe you."

His face lit up instantly. His eyes became moist and luminous. "That is real consolation," he answered.

The key grated in the lock. The cell door was thrown open. The curtain had risen on the last act of the drama.

A little later, robed in surplice and hood, I headed the grim procession to the grave which passed into the prison-yard. The booming bell began to toll. I had performed this eerie office before, but now, somehow, the utter commonplaceness of all the details struck me.

The yard was like a well, filled with wet, tawny fog; the very pavement seemed to ooze moisture. We entered an outbuilding of boards, roofed with corrugated iron like a motor-house; it was the execution shed. In it, upright and across, like goal-posts, were the beams of the gallows itself. From this machine dangled a rope.

I repeated with difficulty the Office for the Dead—that service which, when spoken over a man yet breathing and moving, has a peculiar awfulness.

The prisoner seemed more curious than afraid. He held out his hand to me; it was firm and dry. My eyes

looked with hope and encouragement on his—guilty or not guilty, friendly eyes should be the last Gladman Blunt should see in this implacable world.

Then came forward the executioner to act as valet to the condemned. He placed him where two cellar-flaps met under the gallows; he strapped the ankles, the hands, and the arms to a belt round the waist; placed a white bag over the head, nipping the neck with an elastic collar; then the rope, and pulled it tight.

Now the hangman stood ready by a lever like a railway signalman's at the side of the trap. I began the final words of the burial service. At the words "we therefore commit this body to the grave," the hangman pulled the lever towards him, a bolt creaked, the lips of the pit yawned apart.

Thud!

That night, about eight o'clock, in my rooms in Nichol's Square, Hackney, I had finished my tea and buttered toast. I had had a heavy day's parish work in addition to my chaplaincy. I sat down to read Robert Browning in a desperate attempt to distract the agitation of thoughts. But the lines of the poetry ran confusedly into each other, for scraps of the dead man's talk worried me.

If Blunt had died innocent, he had nevertheless died impenitent. My letter of resignation as prison chaplain already lay on the table in its envelope ready for the post. I had still my City curacy. But my horror at the whole business did not pass away as I hoped. On the contrary, it became fixed, and the growing conviction that the man hanged that morning had been innocent moved me more than all. It worried me beyond belief.

The penetrating ring of the telephone startled me from my reverie. Jumping up, I took the receiver to my ear.

"Is that you, White?" came the strained voice of Keene, the prison surgeon. He was telephoning from his rooms in the prison.

"Yes."

"Would you mind coming over at once? Come to my private door. I have something important to say to you."

"It's rather late," I said, "can't it wait until to-morrow?"

"I'm afraid not; it's urgent."

"All right, I'll come," I said. I put my book of poetry away; put on a thick coat, for it was cold, and went out into the street. First I posted my letter.

It was about half an hour's walk to the prison, so I got on a motor-omnibus at Shoreditch.

In answer to my ring Keene himself opened the street door. But one short, unlighted passage led from it straight into the dissecting room. Keene was a tall, red-haired, gaunt, opinionative, pragmatical Scot. Clad in his white operating blouse, he seemed strangely excited. He closed the door, and drew me not within, but into the street, regardless of passers-by.

"Man," he said, "I am going to pledge ye to secrecy about what I propose to tell. May I rely absolutely on your silence?" His voice seemed strangely exultant.

"Certainly," said I, for Keene was an old acquaintance.

"Well," said he, "come here."

He walked about fifty yards and, stopping under a lamp-post, bade me look up. We were opposite the great gate of the prison. He pointed to a printed form, filled in in ink, such as is usually posted on the outside door of a prison after an execution, for public information. I read:

"31 Vict., cap. 24: I, Alexander J. Keene, the surgeon of His Majesty's Prison of Newgate, in the City of London, hereby certify that I this day examined the body of James Gladman Blunt, on whom the judgment of death was this day executed in the said prison, and that on examination I found that the said James Gladman Blunt was dead."

I looked at him. "Well?" I said.

"This, ye will observe is my certificate that the man executed to-day is dead." Then he dropped his voice, took me by the arm and conducted me to his door, opened it with a latchkey, shut it on the street, and taking me by the lapel of the coat in the dark passage whispered in my ear. "To all intents and purposes the prisoner Blunt was, physically, dead; legally, he is still dead. But I have been so fortunate as to revive him. It's a great triumph, professionally speaking."

I think I trembled. At any rate, I could not conceal my agitation. For to me Blunt had seemed an innocent man, and this seemed providential.

I said at last, "I thought that the neck was generally broken."

"Aye, 'tis so; but not in this case. And now the possibilities are just awful. Will ye just come in and see for yourself?"

"Yes," I said faintly; suddenly I felt quite weak.

"Luckily," said Keene, "I am alone to-night." He locked the outer door and advanced to the lighted room.

At the end of the passage a trickle of water running from a tap fell upon my ear. I shivered as I followed the surgeon into the cold, white-tiled death-chamber. The morgue echoed hollowly. I saw in the centre of it, like a heathen altar with its victim, a bare marble slab on a tomb-like table; on it lay the pallid body of Gladman Blunt.

"I have given him a light dose of chloroform. He's unconscious, but he's alive as you or I," said the doctor. "I suppose it was just the instinct of professional duty which made me do my best to save the fellow's worthless life. I have lesterly plucked the man out of the grave. Of course, he doesn't know that he is alive yet. And now I've won his life for him I have not the least idea in the world what to do with it. That's the reason I sent for ye."

"Good Heaven," I cried. "Why for me? This is a legal matter."

"Aye, man, I ken that weel."

The surgeon—usually a very independent fellow and enthusiastic in his profession—took two or three uneasy turns up and down the cold post-mortem room. Then, with his hands behind his back, he halted abruptly in front of me.

"White, ye're a real good man," he said, "and I dinna feel equal to facing this question by myself. I am a Scot. And candidly I have no that much opinion of the exact justice of your English law. It can be vera cruel. In the first enthusiasm of resuscitating this practical corpse I forgot everything else. Now I'm bunkered. What am I to do? I want your opinion."

"I think you ask too much of me," I faltered. "I am simply a clerk in holy orders."

"But you must have some opinion on the rights and wrongs of it."

"First tell me all that has happened."

"That is soon done. The body of our friend here was, by order, delivered to me for post-mortem. Naturally it was to be transferred for subsequent dissection in the hospital quite in the ordinary way. It was laid out on that slab when I first saw it here. I admit that, as I was up all the previous night, being sleepy early this morning I was unobesirvant. My examination was superficial. When I came to re-examine here, the first thing I saw was that the neck was not broken. As I was about to make the first incision in the breast I thought I perceived a slight cardiac pulsation. Then I got a reflex from the soles of the feet. It was evident asphyxiation was not complete. Animation was suspended, that's all. Without being technical I have revived him by massage, artificial respiration, and electricity. His temperature to start with was 93.5, now it's 101.7. It took me three hours' hard work."

"Are you thinking only of your wasted work?"

"No, no; but the case is new in my experience. It has been done before. There are several cases mentioned by Stoll, Toepfer, and others. But observe the complexity of this problem. As a surgeon I must bring him to life; but as a citizen I must give him back to death. It's inhuman, but there seems to be no alternative; besides, my position as medical officer to the prison demands it."

"The prisoner is alive—a living man, still in custody, and under sentence of death. Living or dead he is still in the grasp of the Law. To the Law he must go."

"Surely," said I, "another question comes before that. He has not recovered consciousness at all, you say? He knows nothing since the trap of the gallows fell?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Surely, then, the question is, first of all, as to whether you are to let him pass away under the chloroform?"

"Of course, I've thought of that. But, don't ye see, I should have to deliberately poison him if he is to die now. If he lives the Law will hang him over again, so there's no difference to him—he must die any way."

"Are you sure they will hang him again?"

"Certain. English Law is quite barbarous. Think of the Babbacombe case where they hanged a man three times."

"But if you give him extra chloroform, it will be you who will deliberately kill him?"

"Certainly. That is my point. Is the Law to kill him, or I?"

"If you do, you yourself would commit wilful murder?"

"Yes, in a way."

"Then whatever happens it is evident that he must be awakened to life; you cannot be a murderer."

"You are sure of that?"

"I am. I cannot stand by and see you kill him."

"By Jove, I forgot that. I suppose you can't. I ought not to have sent for you. Well, at any rate, that's the first point over. Here goes."

All the time he had been talking Keene had been closely watching the patient and intermittently holding a chloroformed handkerchief close to his nostrils. He now removed it and commenced massage. In a few minutes it was evident that consciousness was slowly returning to the condemned man.

I grew almost sick with excitement. The hanged man was actually coming to life before my eyes. Keene applied the electric battery.

And all the time, full of clinical zeal, he kept purring in his ear: "It's all right, it's all right, old man. It's all right; you'll be better soon." At last he said very firmly, "Drink this." "This" was a half-tumbler of neat brandy. The liquor was almost poured down his throat.

The effect was amazing. All the muscles of the whole man seemed to swell all over. I beheld the miracle of the dead coming to life.

In a few minutes, with the doctor's arm behind him, Gladman Blunt sat limply up on the edge of the marble slab. So agitated had I been, I did not notice until he sat up that his curly head, formerly black, was now snow-white.

And by degrees we coaxed a sentence from him. It was, "Is this a dream?"

"You're all right, old man," said the surgeon quickly, "you'll be better in a minute."

Then Keene, rattling on any nonsense, first feeling his pulse and heart, took him very gently by the arm, and led him, tottering like a blind paralytic, blinking like an owl in the sun, through the mortuary door into his private sitting-room.

There he dressed him, garment by garment, in some of his own old clothes—both men were much of a size. Blunt submitted like a wondering child, gazing at us blankly. Poor fellow, his wandering brain was taking in his resurrection but very gradually.

At last we had him completely dressed; sat him down in the armchair, stirred up the fire, put a kettle on the hob. I dosed him slowly with coffee and warm brandy and rubbed his neck, while the surgeon gave him an injection with a hypodermic syringe. It was pitiful. He sat there with such patient, quiet dignity, that even Keene seemed touched. And so we nursed him for nearly an hour almost in silence. We saw now that he was rapidly getting to understand everything.

The doctor all the time set himself to cheer him up. At last when he said, "You see I have brought the dead to life," Gladman Blunt spoke again in a husky, hollow whisper. The voice was awful, it seemed to come from the very grave itself. It said, "I am dead for all that."

"You are alive," said I, patting him on the shoulder.

"No, I am dead," came the dull hoarse whisper again.

"I know, I know. My sentence runs that I be hanged, 'until I am dead.' They will hang me again when you tell them."

"That is none of my business," said I. After all the real decision lay with the surgeon.

At that our patient's jaw dropped. He sat rigidly still, but his eyes seemed wildly startled. Did he hope?

"But the police!" he gasped hoarsely and with evident effort, but more distinctly than before. He was still facing death.

"The Law has an alternative to hanging," I said.

With sudden movement Blunt reached for the brandy bottle on the table—his hand shook and the bottle tinkled on the glass like a dulcimer. He took a great gulp. "You mean," said he, "penal servitude, penal servitude—for life?" I would rather be hanged again than endure that," he added, whispering the words to himself.

"You don't mean that, really, you know," said the doctor with forced cheerfulness.

"I do. I should come out an old man—after a life of confinement with convicts. Rather a quick death than that."

"And with such a crime upon your conscience?" said the doctor pursing his lips.

"I have no crime upon my conscience—at least, not this crime."

"Oh, come now," remonstrated Keene.

"I assure you that it is true." Blunt's voice was gaining vigour, his warmed blood showed more strength returning.

"Surely, Keene," I burst in, "the miracle you have assisted in performing as good as proves this man's innocence? It is the finger of God!"

Blunt slowly turned his sad face towards me. "Do you then really believe me innocent now?"

"I know it," I answered with conviction.

The doctor laughed sardonically. "What do you know?"

"Nothing, really," I had to admit.

"Precisely. When you say you know, you mean that you feel. For all your bulldog face you are just like a woman. You parsons are all deceived by your sympathy for anyone in trouble. You are guided by the heart not by the head. The Law will not grant any pardon in this case, we must either give Mr. Blunt up or let him go; there is no middle course. It is just possible that our conduct might be a little determined by what Mr. Blunt has to say. And," he added, turning to me, "I suppose you and I must act together?"

I assented.

"I don't expect you will believe it," said Gladman Blunt quietly, "but I will give you a true version if you would oblige me with something to smoke."

I gave him my filled pipe.

"Have a drop more brandy," said the doctor. Our prisoner puffed away, thoughtfully contemplating the fire. Then, with a mask-like composure, he threw back his head and gazed up at the ceiling; he emitted a few rings of smoke from his mouth. At last he began:

"How I made a very great fortune does not matter to you gentlemen now. But in the course of making it, naturally I also made enemies. Now I have enemies whom I know of and enemies of whom I do not know. Among both of these kinds are men who would stick at absolutely nothing. They have no respect for law where I come from. In England you do not realise how lawless life can be in America."

"You mean reckless shooting and lynching?" said I.

"More than that. There are even private organisations which exist to use force in defiance of the Law. For example, in the year 1907, the Labour Party of Idaho put a jury in such terror of their lives that they acquitted a man called Haywood. And Haywood had actually ordered the murder of Governor Steunenberg, which order was carried out. That's a well-known fact, you can read it for yourself. In England you don't realise that such people sometimes have a regular business system, working by terror and even by wholesale assassination. All your solemn British regularity here seems to my more Western mind much like a farce. Now there exists some plot against me; but no English jury will believe that. There are several men now living who are glad enough to hear of my death."

"But that does not seem a very credible story."

"I know that, of course. I repeat that you people in this island do not realise that there are still plenty of countries where a man may any day be called upon to defend his own life for himself without protection of any police."

"But do you suspect anybody in particular of plotting against you?" said Keene sceptically.

"It may be one of three."

"Don't you know?"

"I do not know which it is. Any one of the three I have in my mind would have been far too clever to leave evidence. Without warning to me, some mind has woven a net of circumstantial evidence round me. Not one mind of the three I know of—of course acting by agents—would have missed a point in the game. Had I laid a plan as was laid against me, I should not have left a trace either. We don't half-think things out where I come from."

"How do you propose to find out who it was?" said I, incautiously.

The great head turned, as if on a pivot, towards me. "How do I know if I am going to live to find out?"

"I believe you are just spinning us a yarn," said the doctor cynically.

"I hardly expected that you should think otherwise," said the other.

The doctor got up and marched up and down the room. The sense of responsibility was shaking this cautious Scot to his bones. Then he halted suddenly in front of the seated man, and gazed fixedly at him.

Then he turned to me.

"We render ourselves liable to a penalty—you and I—if we say nothing."

"I am prepared to do what my conscience dictates," said I. "I am not afraid to beard the Law in a good cause. This law is, in my judgment, a bad law."

Now Little Bill had stolen Jam, and smacked he might have been, But he bustled round and bought dear me the ROYAL MAGAZINE

The surgeon said nothing; yet I could see that he was wavering.

"It is my duty by the English Law," he said at last, "to make the facts known in the proper quarters. I could let you knock me down and get away, of course. But I won't screen myself under that. I'll do it with my eyes open or not at all."

"But is your legal duty also your moral duty?" said I. "Ought a man always to obey the law literally? There would be no hope for any of us if it were so."

"All the Martyrs broke the law, I suppose," said Blunt quietly.

"Do you propose to pose as a martyr?" said Keene with a sneer.

"I am a martyr because I am innocent," said he firmly.

"Bah!" said Keene and turned his back on him.

"We must have compassion, Keene," said I.

"What have I to do with compassion? The Law has no compassion."

"A man's heart is above all the Law," said I, "and a man's soul. If he is innocent, this man should go free. If guilty, is he to have no chance of redeeming his past?"

Then Blunt himself got up and walked stiffly towards the doctor.

"You have been hesitating over long," said he. "I mean to know once and for all. Do you deliberately mean to give me up to be hanged again?"

The surgeon met his grim glance but now, weakly, with an open mouth. "There is no help for you," he said.

Blunt drew himself up to all his height. He closed his eyes and remained standing quite still for a full minute. Yet he was not dazed. What was passing in the depths of his soul?

Suddenly James Gladman Blunt opened his eyes, the eyes became riveted on the surgeon's. Then they seemed to travel all over the surgeon, taking in every detail of the man and his dress. First, from the boots, his gleaming look went slowly up, past his waist, to the face.

Once there, Blunt's aspect was terrible. Keene visibly quailed under it. Not the surgeon's, but the man's conscience seemed suddenly uneasy.

Then Blunt said, very slowly, "Have you no secret fault—no secret crime?"

The shot hit the mark. A quick shiver rippled through the doctor's body.

"How dare you suggest—?" he began.

"That is enough," said the other icily. "You have. You know it—I know it."

"My conduct is no business of yours," said Keene, now flushed and hot-looking.

"True, true!" he went on meditatively. Then he leaned over quickly and caught hold of the surgeon's watch-chain. Keene started back. But Blunt lifted a little charm in his hand. It was a pair of compasses joined by a square. And then he made a queer sign with his hand.

Keene said curtly, "If you are a Freemason, you are a disgrace to the craft." But Blunt turned to me. "Will you excuse me one moment, Mr. White," he said suavely, "it will not take more than five minutes to convince Dr. Keene now."

So I passed out of the room into the mortuary. For about ten minutes—not five—I heard a low muttering. Then Blunt opened the door. As I came in I saw that Keene seemed all limp. Blunt, far from being under his thumb, now seemed his master.

"My brother," said Blunt with a peculiar emphasis on the word, "knows now he must help his brother. You see," he went on in his deadly, even tone, but with a ghastly smile, "Dr. Keene is now convinced that it would be a false and low thing to do to give me up. So I can now fully thank him for having saved my life."

"Oh, don't thank me. Nature cured you. I was bound to assist Nature."

"But," said I to Mr. Blunt, "how will you live now?"

"I could live by my wits, but as a matter of fact I have money in plenty."

"But that will go to your heirs or someone."

"I have two banking accounts, in different names."

"But you will be recognised in the bank or elsewhere."

"I am used to disguise. In my second bank I bank under another appearance and an assumed name."

"You are very candid," said the doctor.

"Oh, I know when to lie. But I want to shave now—can I?"

"Go in there," said Keene. "You will find shaving tackle in there."

And Blunt passed into the doctor's bedroom.

Keene and I spoke no word for a quarter of an hour, but we sat on, smoking furiously. Then Blunt returned. I should never have recognised his face clean-shaven; it was noble like a Roman Emperor's—superb and darkly sallow under the crisp, curly white hair. "May I borrow an overcoat," said he.

"Certainly," said Keene.

Then Blunt standing in front of us said solemnly: "Doctor, you are giving me not only my life, but my liberty. Your confidence shall never be abused. Don't talk to anyone, it is a real risk you are running for me. My first duty is to trace my enemy and so to prove my innocence. That will justify your conduct to-night. It is something to live for—this chance—and I have always been Quixotic. Will you give me your hands—both of you?"

The doctor half-laughed, half-sobbed as he stretched his out. We were, I think, both slightly hysterical. He took one in each of his and wrung them silently.

"To you, Mr. White," said he, "I promise that I will devote from henceforth all my powers—and they are no mean ones—for good. You shall both hear from me again. My name in future will be an old alias of the same initials as my old one. It is now Justus Grayman Bland. This I say, I swear before the Almighty, that I am innocent of the death of Brewster. And I will prove it. Good—"

"Tap! tap!! tap!!!" We started apart guiltily.

It was a knock at the outer door.

(Another big instalment of this remarkable story will appear next week).



THE ROMANCE OF ENGLISH FOOTBALL

By H. BISSELL

Author of "The Story of Football," "Famous Football Clubs: their Origin, History, and Growth"

I.—Football Among the Ancients.

It is chronicled that the game of "ball" has from time immemorial been a most popular pastime in the British Isles, and it is, therefore, perhaps not surprising that the story of its origin has been lost in the mists of antiquity.

It was certainly a favourite sport long before tennis, cricket, or other of our national games were invented, and it cannot be doubted that it did much to engender those qualities for which Britons have ever been famed—pluck, self-confidence, coolness, endurance, and presence of mind.

Some historians assert that they can trace our modern football back to games played some 2,000 years ago by the Greeks and Romans. Concerning these games, we of the present day know nothing, for, though reference is made to them in the Greek classics, the writers have failed to hand down to us any information dealing with the rules under which they were played.

Certain, it is that in early times the game was of a decidedly dangerous and rough-and-tumble order, and, consequently, accidents were frequent and often fatal.

DID THE GREEKS PLAY RUGBY?

A sport greatly resembling modern football was played in long-past ages by the Malays, who to-day are so expert in kicking that a group of them will pass a "wickerwork" ball from one to the other for an astonishing length of time without once touching it with the hand, or allowing it to come in contact with the ground.

Centuries ago, the Esquimaux, too, were proficient players of a pastime which in some way embodied various points of cricket and football, but, unfortunately, those times are beyond the reach of tradition and record.

Those who uphold the theory that the game reached us from the Greeks and Romans, aver that it "came over" to England with Julius Caesar (55 B.C.). If so, it is more than probable that the sport was indulged in by more ancient peoples before them; but, as it would be useless to endeavour to discover the inventor of the game, such speculations are of little interest to the football-loving public.

The simpler games of ball are undoubtedly almost as old as the human race, and it was probably from these that our modern pastime was evolved during successive centuries.

It will be understood that the game, as introduced by the Romans, was not of the scientific style now played in London, Glasgow, or other of our large towns, for it was a rougher and simpler sort than ours, though, strange as it may appear, the Greeks seem, according to some writers, to have held the ball, in some of their games, "in a way that suggests at least the crude idea of the Rugby style."

CHESTER'S PRIMITIVE "FOOTBALL."

Seeing the Romans at play, the early Britons naturally gave the pastime a trial, and thus it was that football gained a foothold in this country which it has never since relinquished. It may be mentioned, by the way, that even at that remote period the Northern Counties were the first to adopt this sport as a pastime, and thus they perhaps laid the foundation for their present-day superiority.

Another version of the introduction of football into England tells us that during the Danish invasion, the townsfolk of Chester managed to capture an unfortunate Dane, who, of course, was promptly beheaded. Sportively they kicked the foeman's head about the field, and so thoroughly did they enjoy themselves, that they one and all agreed that the performance should be annually repeated on the anniversary of the event.

On such occasions, however, a man's head was not always available, so in time the shoemakers of Chester were bound by a charter to yearly supply the populace with "a ball of leather, called a footballe, of the value of 3s. 4d." Until 1540 this annual match was played by the inhabitants of Chester, but in that year it was abolished because it was attended by "much inconvenience."

Old records tell us that by 1175 "ye olde footballe playe" had become extremely popular with our forefathers, but it was not until 1314 that Edward II. found it necessary to pass an Act forbidding the "hustling over big balles," which he considered was a breach of the peace. The sportsmen of the time, however, took little notice of this edict, and the game continued to flourish in spite of the obstacles it had to encounter.

During Edward III.'s reign, football was again declared unlawful, because of the fact that it was

detrimental to the welfare of archery, then the first and foremost of English amusements, and on the men's proficiency in which the military strength of England then to a great extent depended.

In 1388 Richard II. also prohibited these "idle practices," but Henry IV. found it necessary to again re-enact this law in 1401. The Scottish kings, too, decided that this sport was not conducive to the welfare of the people, and thus James I. in 1424 "directed and ordained that the football and

golfe be utterly cried down, and not to be used"; whilst his successor, James II., ordered in 1457 that "in na place in this realm ther be used futeball, golfe, or other sik unprofitable sportes."

Similar statutes were passed in 1471 by James III., and in 1491 by James IV. After Henry VIII. ascended the throne the authorities again endeavoured to suppress this pastime, but so meagre was the success which attended their efforts, that the next representative of the House of Tudor decided to tolerate the game.

TERRIBLE RECORD OF FATALITIES.

Thus it came about that, when Good Queen Bess took up the reins of government, the sport was in full cry, and it was undoubtedly owing to the terrible record of fatalities which reached her that she declared that all who took part in the game should be liable to a severe penalty.

Indeed, on one occasion during her reign, some officials actually raided about one hundred enthusiastic players, who were indulging in this pastime, but whether these "malefactors" were engaged in the "scrum" or not has, unfortunately, not been placed on record.

Happily, present-day authorities have no need to follow the tactics of the worthy monarchs we have mentioned, but it is hard to contemplate what would occur if the 60,000 crowd, which usually assembles at an English Cup Final, were raided in the same manner as were our forefathers.

Previous to this, the countrymen evidently played the game for the purpose of keeping themselves warm in winter, for in his "Ship of Fools" (published in 1509), Barclay tells us that:

"The sturdy plowman, lustie, strong, and bold,
Overcometh the winter with driving the foot-ball;
Forgetteth labour and many a grievous fall."

How the players in those early times arranged about "offside," etc., history does not relate, but from the rough-and-tumble style in which they played we should judge that they did not recognise "fouls." Thus rarely did the players get suspended for their dangerous play, though we read that one brawny yeoman was unfortunate enough to get suspended (by the neck) for killing a fellow-player.

(No. 2 of this series will appear next week).

ON THE ROAD.

A young couple were spending their holidays in North Wales, and found themselves one day in a well-known town. They climbed the High Street to the top of the hill, and approached the country.

Eager for information as to their whereabouts, the lady accosted a grave, spectacled schoolboy.

"What road is this?" she asked.

"It is not a road. It is Love Lane," the boy replied.

"Where does it lead to?" she inquired.

To her utter confusion and that of her companion, he answered seriously: "To the asylum."

"I begin to believe in this flat earth theory."

"Why?"

"I can't hide from my creditors to save my life."

Miss Tipton: "Did you enjoy yourself at the opera last evening?"

Miss Westend: "Oh, tremendously. Mr. Blathersby is the most delightful talker I ever attended a musical performance with."

SNE: "If you had told me you weren't feeling well I'd have fixed you up with one of those old-fashioned remedies a couple of days ago."

HE: "Yes, I know. That's why I didn't say anything about it."

GRAND GAME!

An enthusiastic golf player of the North asked an old friend to come and have a game of golf with him. The latter declared he couldn't play. Nevertheless, to the links they went.

The player took a pinch of moist sand, built a tiny hill of it, and on top of the hill set his ball. Then he made a terrific swing and missed. He tried again, and again missed.

"A gran' game, golf," said his companion.

He made a third stroke, and missed for the third time.

"Oh, ay, a gran' game, golf," his companion repeated. "But what's the wee ball for?"

Unthinking Jim forgot to go and see his little Mav. But she bought the ROYAL MAGAZINE, and had a glorious day.

QUIPS AND JESTLETS.

LEFT.

THERE was an unusually large crowd at the police-court, for was not Johnnie X—the famous footballer, to be brought up on a charge of assaulting the referee?

The case came on, was partly heard, and then the magistrate took occasion to ask the occupation of the defendant.

"He is a professional football player, your worship," said counsel. "He plays outside right for the county team."

"Oh, does he?" said the magistrate, determined to have his little joke. "Then he must be left inside for the next month!"

—○○—

HE: "Nothing could ever come between us, could it, dear?"

SHE: "I can't think of a single thing, unless I should happen to become engaged to some other man before we get married."

—○○—

JONES: "Why did you leave your new lodgings? I thought the landlady promised to treat you like one of the family?"

SMITH: "Yes; that's why I left."

—○○—

NOT EXACTLY WHAT HE MEANT.

A GERMAN who did not talk very fluent English and who had been in England some little time, was desirous of giving his wife a fortnight's holiday at the seaside. He found, however, that he would be unable to spare the time himself, but promised to accompany her there and return the following day.

Accordingly, on the morning when they were to make the journey, he went to the ticket office, and said to the official:

"Please give me von ticket to Brighton for meself, to return to-morrow." Then, to the amusement of everyone, he added: "And von oder for my wife—nevaige to return!"

—○○—

"Is your husband a good provider?" asked the sympathetic visitor.

"Indeed, he is, mum. He got me three new places to wash last week."

—○○—

BARBER: "Your hair is very thin, sir. Have you tried our special hair wash?"

Customer (in a reassuring tone): "Oh, no; it wasn't that that did it."

—○○—

WHERE THE BRITON SCORED.

THE American Truth-Teller was in form.

"Talking of ants," he said casually, "we've got 'em as big as crabs out West. I guess I've seen 'em fight with long thorns, which they used as lances, charging each other like savages."

The quiet Britisher blew a cloud of smoke up to the ceiling. "They don't compare with the ants I saw in the East," he said. "The natives have trained 'em as beasts of burden. One of 'em could trail a ton-load for miles with ease. They work willingly, but occasionally they turn on their attendants and kill them."

But this was drawing the long bow a little too far.

"I say, old chap," said the other in a shocked voice, "what sort of ants were they? Just tell us that, and we'll try and believe yer."

"Eleph-ants," said the quiet Britisher.

—○○—

MRS. YALE: "I am sorry, doctor, you were not able to attend the church supper party last night; it would have done you good to be there."

The Doctor: "It has already done me good, madam; I have just prescribed for three of the participants."

—○○—

MR. BLINKS (reading): "Man is by nature master, subduer, and tamer of—"

Mrs. Blinks: "Eh! I should just like to see you—"

"Of the animal kingdom, my dear."

"Oh!"

—○○—

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

SANDY, the porter of a large school, had a small dog, of which he was very fond, and, when teased about the animal, he would say:

"I wadna take twenty shillings for ma wee doggy."

Some of the older boys decided to test Sandy's assertion, and made up twenty shillings. These they took to Sandy, and, leading up to the familiar statement, one of them said:

"Now, Sandy, I'd like that dog myself, and here's twenty shillings if you will sell him."

He counted out twenty shillings on the table near Sandy. Without a smile the man drew a sixpence from his pocket, and said, as he took up the twenty shillings:

"Weel, I didna say I wadna take nineteen shillings and sixpence for him."

VERY NEARLY TROUBLE.

"HORACE, you don't love me as you used to."

"Not altogether, my dear. When we were first married I loved you for your beauty. Now I love you for your real worth, your many excellencies of mind and heart, and for your—"

"So, Horace Higsworthy! You think I've got entirely over my good looks, do you? Let me tell you, sir—"

"And for your unfailing sweetness of disposition, my dear."

Uncertain whether to go ahead and scold him just the same or to indulge in a good cry, she compromised by doing neither, and fell to darning his socks with renewed energy.

—○○—

"Is the shoe too small?" tenderly asked a fond swain of his sweetheart, who was moaning about cramped toes.

"Oh, no! The shoe is just right, but my foot is too big—that's all."

—○○—

HARD LINES ON DAD.

"I AM sorry to say it, Harry," said the teacher kindly, "but your composition is not worthy of you. The rhetoric is faulty, the logic weak, the statements are based upon misinformation, and the style is lamentably crude."

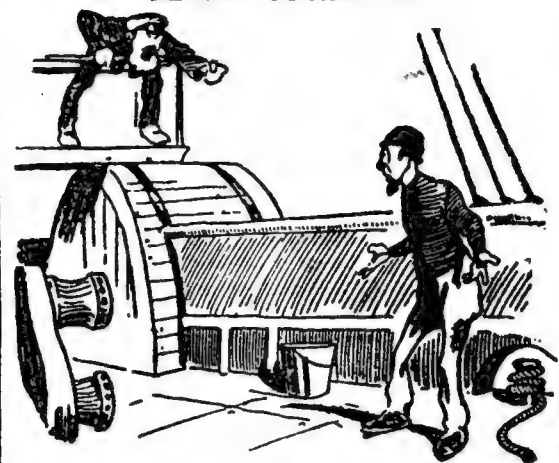
"My!" exclaimed Henry. "Won't my dad be angry when I tell him that?"

"But you can tell him," continued the teacher encouragingly, "that you did your very best."

"Did my best," Henry replied. "Why, dad wrote the whole of it himself."

—○○—

NEVER TOUCHED IT.



Skipper of Steamer about to leave the Dock: "Let go that for'ard rope!"

Deck-hand, who has never before been to sea, makes no sign.

Skipper: "Let go that rope, I tell ye!"

Deck-hand is again motionless.

Skipper (dancing with rage): "Why don't you let go that for'ard rope, ye swab?"

Deck-hand (much aggrieved): "Who's touchin' yer rope? I'm not!"

—○○—

PRESENCE OF MIND.

THE cold, grey of the dawn is stealing through the windows. The burglar is stealing inside the house. His foot strikes a chair. Crash!

From the upstairs rooms come sounds of people moving about and conversing in sleepy tones.

Acting with the quickness of one who has a trained mind and understands human nature, the burglar seizes the call-bell on the table and rings the rising summons for the family.

In a moment the sounds of snores fill the house.

—○○—

HE: "If I should ask you if you were telling the truth when you said 'No,' you could not marry me, what would you say?"

SHE: "I should still say 'No.'"

—○○—

THE VERY THING.

SHE bustled into the bookshop as if she hadn't a moment to spare.

"I want a book for my husband," she grumbled. "It's his birthday, and I want it for a present."

Show me what you have, and be quick, please. Nothing too expensive, mind you, and I don't want anything too cheap, either. He's a middle-aged man, and not fond of sports, so don't show me anything in that line. For goodness sake, don't offer me any of those trashy novels, and, no matter how much you persuade me, I won't take anything in the line of history or biography. Come, now, I'm in a dreadful hurry, and I've already wasted too much time here. Of course, you don't know my husband, but, from all I've said, can't you suggest something appropriate?"

"Yes, ma'am. Here is a little volume entitled 'How to Manage a Talking Machine.'"

APT PUPIL.

CAPTAIN JONES (giving a short lecture to the recruits of his company on their demeanour in public): "If a civilian should make offensive remarks in a public-house, and try to induce a quarrel, the well-conducted soldier should drink up his beer and go quietly away."

After his address, Captain Jones questioned his audience, to ascertain if they had comprehended his remarks.

"Now, Private Jenkins, what should you do if you were at an inn and a civilian wanted to quarrel with you?"

"I should drink up his beer, sir, and 'ook it."

—○○—

THE OLD LADY (in a railway carriage): "I object to smoking."

The Navy: "Quite right, mum. It's a bad habit for ladies o' your time o' life."

—○○—

ETHEL: "Maud has been trying to learn how to play golf for quite four weeks now."

Penelope: "Is her instructor stupid?"

Ethel: "No, handsome."

—○○—

HANDICAPPED.

TWO boys who managed to be rather unruly in school so exasperated their teacher that she requested them to remain after hours and write their names one thousand times.

They plunged into the task. Some fifteen minutes later one of them grew uneasy and began watching his companion in disgrace.

Suddenly the first one burst out with despair, and, between his sobs, said to the teacher:

"Tain't fair, mum! His name's Bush and mine's Schlutermeyer."

—○○—

SMITH: "See Jones over there laughing so heartily? Somebody must have told him a funny story."

Brown: "More likely Jones told it himself."

—○○—

NELL: "I have to read a paper on 'Ideal Woman' at the next meeting of the club."

Jack: "Well, all you will need to do is to stand up on the platform and let them look at you."

—○○—

TOO BAD.

THERE'S a certain man who has a mania for collecting all sorts of queer facts in history, science, and so forth, and his wife and family can't appreciate him at all. The other evening he threw down his paper.

"That's marvellous to think about," he said.

"What?" inquired his wife.

"The statement that it would take 12,000,000 years to pump the sea dry at the rate of 1,000 gallons a second."

His son seemed to study the statement profoundly for a full minute.

"Where would they put all the water?" he asked innocently; and his father paid no attention whatever to the question, but went on reading.

—○○—

"REALLY, madam, your daughter is perfectly charming. She must have had many offers of marriage."

"You are right; but then, you know, I am much too young to let her marry."

—○○—

YOUNG MAN: "I've come to pay my addresses to your daughter, sir."

Mr. Graball (absent-mindedly): "Pay? Thank you very much. I'll give you a receipt in a moment."

—○○—

EXPENSIVE BOTH WAYS.

A HOTEL visitor had taken his dinner elsewhere with a friend. When, on coming to pay his bill, he found himself charged with a day's board, he protested vigorously.

It was explained to him that the American plan adopted there was based strictly on a day rate, and that, if he chose to eat elsewhere, it was his own look-out. The man, however, refused to be pacified, and paid the bill under protest.

Then, to everyone's surprise, he asked if dinner was "still on." He was informed that it lasted till nine in the evening.

"I've eaten one dinner," he exclaimed, "but I'm going to get my money's worth out of this house if I suffer all the torments of dyspepsia!"

He rushed into one of the dining-rooms, seized a bill of fare, and ordered everything he could think of. When he finally reached his limit, the waiter handed him a bill for a good round sum.

"What's this for?" he demanded.

"Your dinner, sir."

"But I have already paid for my dinner in my bill," protested the unfortunate man. "I am staying here on the American plan."

"Then you should have gone into the other dining-room," said the waiter. "This part of the hotel is conducted on the European plan!"

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Archibald's
Deputy.Telling of a Diplomatic
Mission to a Lady Fair.

By ARTHUR A. LODGE.

ARCHIE QUINTON sprawled disconsolately on the little sofa, his long limbs exceeding all its boundaries. His brother Basil stood with his back to him, gazing stolidly out of the window. Basil was eight years Archie's senior, and the head of the house.

"You see," said Archie, "I shouldn't feel so shabby and contemptible if they were not in such poor circumstances. There's a financial side to the question."

Basil twisted his moustache and stroked his square chin. He also hissed a few bars from a popular ballad, but none of these things assisted Archie in his present difficulty.

"I feel as if I'd been such a confounded weathercock, but it had to be, Basil. I knew the moment I saw Susie again that—well—you know."

Basil may have been worthy of this confidence, but he gave no sign.

"And yet I was honest at the time," continued Archie, as if anxious to defend himself against his own accusations. "I quite thought I had got over my boy's love for Susie. Poor Beatrice!"

But at this, with a final tug at his moustache, Basil faced around somewhat sharply.

"I tell you again," he said, "you're wasting your sympathy. If any jilting's been done, she's done it—not you. And money! You'll see before very—but, never mind, we've thrashed that out before."

"You've never understood Beatrice. You don't know her."

"Oh, well, I strike a medium between what she might be, you know, and what your amorous ravings have painted her, and I expect I'm somewhat about the mark. She's not an angel, and she's not a Jezebel. But I could see—I've only seen her twice—by her coldness, by her self-confidence, that she is capable of looking very well after No. 1. And she is certainly not the type to suit you. Susie, now, is gentle and retiring."

Archie rolled into a sitting position.

"Susie is perfection," he said; "but you under-estimate Beatrice. You and she have never understood one another."

"I've only been in her company twice, and once was at a railway station. I admit people are not always at their best at railway stations."

"I should have thought she was your style of girl."

"I may admire a certain style, and not every—what shall I say?—exponent of it. I acknowledge that her style, as you call it, is one that when properly handled is not displeasing to me."

"Well, something ought to be done. Her mother's ill, too, now—incurably, I fancy."

"I see! And when the piece entitled 'The Sinking Vessel and the Rat' is billed for production you prefer not to be cast for the part of the—ah—quadruped. Quite right, but what do you say, Archie, that Beatrice Wendle isn't Beatrice something else before twelve months have passed?"

"I say that you're an uncharitable old chump. And if it's Ned Willerton you're thinking about you're quite off your horse. Not but that she's perfectly free, of course, to do whatever she wishes. I marry Susie in September."

"Precisely. And Miss Wendle—but no, we won't discuss the matter further. It is not a subject for bets; if it were—but no!"

"Certainly not!"

"No. Well, Archie, I admire your sentiments, and I'm going to say nothing against Miss Wendle, or you'll be deserting Susie and rushing back to sacrifice yourself on the wrong altar—at the wrong altar, I should say."

"I merely wish to do the fair thing by her."

"Financially? Well—what do you propose? A personal interview? Or will you write and inclose a postal order?"

Archie ignored this flippancy.

"I was thinking," he said, "that a personal interview—You see, Basil, I'm such a harebrained, impulsive, emotional sort of Johnny. Now, you—you're rather tactful and diplomatic—sometimes."

Basil stiffened where he stood, and stared vacantly before him.

"For me to interview her," went on Archie, looking anywhere but at the statue of inflexibility which his brother was impersonating on the hearthrug, "why, that wouldn't do at all. I should bungle the matter frightfully—now, shouldn't I?"

"Oh, it doesn't follow because one has bungled things in the past—" began Basil, but Archie interrupted.

"I should get into an awful muddle," he said. "I never had the gift of making myself understood."

"You under-rate yourself, Archie," said Basil frigidly.

"You have, on the contrary, a gift of subtle intimation. Just now, for instance, without descending to anything like literal statement, you have yet conveyed to me the fact that of all unlikely persons in this world you want me—to go and interview Miss Wendle. Yes, and, speaking quite frankly, I don't mind admitting that I see myself doing it. Oh, yes; so look up the trains, and give me your purse. My brother, I shall say, 'is sorry that, his old sweetheart having turned up, he cannot fulfil his engagement with you, but he hopes you don't mind,

Archie. No, I don't mind doing a brotherly thing once in a way, but when it comes to—and, besides, hang it, you're the aggrieved party! She proposed the discontinuance of the engagement herself."

"Yes, to make it easy for me."

"Well—possibly!"

"I'm sure. I believe, though, she was quite sincere in saying that she didn't love me sufficiently to make it wise for us to marry. It was really all a mistake; a mistake on both sides. But she's a splendid girl."

"So! And you want me to go and see this—splendid girl, and perform a few asinine evolutions just for her special entertainment. I think I never liked the idea of anything less."

"You would be doing me a good turn."

"I doubt it. I think you rather over-estimate my—er—finesse."

There was silence for a few minutes, during which Basil sank into a chair and leisurely filled his pipe.

Then Madge, their married sister, called and stayed to tea, at which meal the question was again discussed, Madge ably supporting the views of her younger brother.

Basil looked at her as if he had never seen her before, nor any variety of her species. This, however, only spurred Madge to higher and longer flights of eloquence.

It was a delicate matter—that she frankly conceded—but (and this fact she conveyed rather by hints than by open declaration) in the hands of such a rare diplomat there could be no danger of insult or failure.

Basil regarded his cooling tea.

"Oh, well," he said at last, and Archie and Madge joined in a sigh of satisfaction. The point was carried.

"So this is Myrtledene, is it?" said Basil to himself. He was standing in the doorway of a little country station, and with admiring eyes he gazed down a long shady lane winding through the heart of a very beautiful old village. "It was the place Archie was in love with, not the girl."

He inquired the way to Mrs. Acton's, Woodbine Cottage, at which house Beatrice and her mother were permanent lodgers; then, more enamoured of the scenery than of his errand, he wended his way slowly and with frequent stoppages.

He heard the wheels of a light gig on the soft road behind him, and presently a cheery voice accosted him. "Mr. Quinton! By Jove, it is! Well, to think of finding you in this out-of-the-world spot."

Basil looked up and encountered the frank, smiling gaze of his old friend, Ned Willerton.

"Ah, how do you do?" he said. "Why, you're as brown as a nigger."

"Nothing to what I was. I say, I want you to come up to Westbrook and inspect the spoils of my tour. Are you staying down here?"

"Staying in Chesterfield—just for a few days."

"Well, come on Friday. I'll meet the 3.30 train on Friday afternoon."

"No, don't; I can't say what time I'll get off."

"All right, but come early. By the way, perhaps I can give you a lift now?"

"Thanks, but I turn off here."

"Oh; then bye-bye till Friday. How's Archie? September isn't it, his execution? Weddings are in the air—regular epidemic, 'pon me word."

"Yes," said Basil vaguely; "there are more matches in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in Bryant and May's philosophy."

"There are indeed. Well, give your brother my sympathy, and, I say, just give a look to yourself occasionally. One never knows who's next on the list," and with a gay laugh Ned Willerton drove off.

"Take thy warning to thyself," Basil muttered, and smiled knowingly at the surrounding shrubbery. Then the name "Woodbine Cottage," distributed over two gateposts, suddenly confronted his gaze, and the smile faded.

He opened the gate and walked up the narrow path humming an impromptu melody.

The house door was wide open, and the interior looked cool and inviting. Basil pulled the bell, and the house was filled with its reverberations. "Perhaps Miss Wendle is away," he thought after a short pause, but whatever emotion the idea stirred within him was soon dissipated by the sound of a light, quick step on the stairs; Beatrice herself came towards him.

His visit must have been a great surprise to her, but she betrayed the fact scarcely at all, and if in her greeting there was no excessive cordiality, there was, at any rate, frankness and civility. Basil, in whose mind the difficulties of his task had loomed very large, began to felicitate himself upon the fact of having a straightforward, unemotional nature to deal with.

"Mother is not at all well," she said, in answer to his inquiry. "She has kept her room for several weeks now."

"Ah! I'm afraid my ring must have disturbed her. It was enough to rouse the village."

"That would scarcely have been a calamity," said Beatrice. "Myrtledene is always half asleep."

Miss Wendle, and here's ten shillings for yourself. Be a good girl. Oh, yes. Anything else while I'm knocking around? Don't be afraid to mention it if anything strikes you."

"Basil, I mean it. I want you to go and see them. I'm sure you could put it in such a way that they wouldn't feel insulted. Look how you managed Mrs. Hanson and the chickens! And, besides, you're going down to Chesterfield on Wednesday for a few days, and that's not twelve miles away."

"Oh, the thing's ridiculous."

Basil laughed, and made a show of being at his ease. He took a very yielding chair, somewhat low for one of his build, which gave his knees a position of great prominence. The sun was in his eyes. Beatrice, in her basket chair, could only be viewed through a dazzling golden haze, and Basil felt more as if addressing a vision than a fellow being of human flesh and blood.

He tried to call to mind the arguments he had pondered coming down in the train, and also to get a grip on some opening remarks which he had learnt by heart the night before. He was one of the last persons in the world to be suspected of nervousness, and certainly to Beatrice his air of embarrassment was a revelation. He eked out a few more general observations, and finally squared himself for the fray.

"Well, Miss Wendle," he said, "I may tell you at once that I have called on a little matter of business. It is a very simple thing, and I am only trusting that you will see it in the same light as we do. By we I mean Archie and myself."

It may be that a dim suspicion of his errand came into Beatrice's mind, for Basil thought he heard the sound of a sharp gasp from the basket chair. It was a tonic which he needed, for he was always at his best fighting against long odds. He leaned forward in his chair, and braced himself to explain the "very simple thing."

"You see," he went on, "I have come to discuss the financial side of a question which some people tell us should have no financial side. But the world is run on a financial basis nowadays—though I've not come down to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of that fact. No, I'm simply here to make a proposition on Archie's behalf—well, on behalf of both of us—all of us, I might say, for my sister is quite at one with us in the matter. Well, then, to be quite plain, we take it that your circumstances are not flourishing, while ours, you see, are rather, and whatever your union with Archie would have meant in other ways, it would have been very beneficial to you materially."

There was no encouragement from the basket chair, but Basil was now well under way.

"Now, Archie proposes, seeing that we have too much and you too little of a certain commodity, to place a small share at your disposal."

"Oh!" said Beatrice, "I see."

Her tone and the remark left something to be desired. "Yes," said Basil genially, "that is our idea, and if you are a sensible girl I think you will let him discharge what he naturally feels to be an obligation to you."

This was not tactful, but it roused the "sensible girl" to speech.

"An obligation! Oh! because I refused to marry him."

"Yes. Because you refused to marry him—that he might be free to return to an older love."

Beatrice sat very prim and upright and stared fixedly into the grate.

"Oh, you quite mistake me," she said coldly. "I usually consult my own interests. I found that I did not care for your brother in that way—that is why I gave him his liberty. You credit me with a magnanimity which I don't possess. And there is no obligation—least of all one that could be paid in money."

"That was a slip about the obligation. And don't put such a hard accent on the word 'money.' Why should any disgrace attach to its acceptance—more than to the acceptance of other things?"

"And, really, we are considering your mother," he went on. "She is ill, and must be a great care and expense to you. She will require luxuries which others in sound health might deny themselves."

He had gathered from Archie a not too flattering conception of this invalid mother—inordinately selfish, exacting, and mercenary.

"No, Mr. Quinton, not on mother's account either. We are comfortable and require no assistance."

"Well, since you say so it seems impertinent my pressing the matter further; but allow me to think that you are acting from a mistaken sense of independence—and pride."

"But we are quite comfortable. Do you accuse me of not speaking the truth?"

"No, we won't say that; but, granting that you are passably comfortable, still—permit my plain speaking—I think in this case you are acting from a somewhat selfish standpoint. You see, it would really please my brother to do this; he will be bitterly disappointed, in fact, if you don't allow him. I am sure I would be the last person to suppose that monetary compensation is possible in affairs of the heart, but this is purely one of the head. To put the matter in plain, commercial English, you are offered a position—advantageous in that it is lucrative and a permanency. Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the offer is withdrawn from you and made to someone else. Perhaps in expectancy of this post you have let slip other chances of pecuniary advantage. At any rate, there has been serious loss of time, and your expectations remain unrealised. What more natural than that compensation should be offered—and accepted?"

"Are these your views on the subject of—love and marriage?" asked Beatrice stiffly.

Basil coughed and frowned at the fireplace.

"Candidly, no," he said; "they are not. But I still keep to my original offer, Miss Wendle, and I strongly advise you to accept it. A rule that would fit every case would have to be so elastic as to be of little practical value."

Beatrice rose, cold and defiant.

"If that is your honest advice, I thank you for it," she said. "But I cannot accept it. And I would rather not discuss the matter further."

Basil rose too.

"It is impossible to see a problem in every light at the first glance," he said. "Of course, Archie and I have no wish to urge the matter unduly. I shall be in the neighbourhood again on Friday, however, and if, after thinking it over—"

"My answer," interrupted Beatrice, "would be precisely the same next Friday or in fifty years, Mr. Quinton."

Basil took up his stick and gloves, and was about to

withdraw; but in his heart a sudden anger at the futility of his effort and at the thanklessness of the part he was playing broke into flame, and prompted him to deliver a parting address.

"Miss Wendle," he said, and his tone was incisive and unfaltering, "you are fighting your own fight, and, believe me, you fight bravely and honestly, but—you don't smooth your path with courtesy. Perhaps you don't desire sympathy or affection, but it's a poor, dry business, is life, without them. You may not quite appreciate Archie's dilemma, but I think you are sufficiently generous to wish him well, and, if so, you are scarcely going the right way to add to his happiness. It will be no pleasant thought for him, remember, that while he is surrounded by all that makes life worth having, you are down here leading a hard, lonely, cheerless existence. And when he bears in mind that all he has was to have been yours, the fact that you have refused the merest portion of it, and of his friendship—our friendship—and help—why, it won't make his path any rosier, will it? I don't plead just for him, mind you; I merely wish to balance the scales of justice a little better."

His tone had grown milder towards the close of his little speech, and there was a shadow of regret in his eyes.

Beatrice stood by her chair, but as she made reply she looked away from him, and her eyes were very wide open.

"I think, Mr. Quinton," she said, "that you presume upon our very slight acquaintance. My ways may not be yours, but I choose, and I think I have a right, to follow them according to my lights. You are quite correct, though, in some things—I am a hard, unsympathetic girl, and if I get little from the world about me, I get at least as much as I give. Those of us who lack the qualities of affection and sympathy—how can we regret their absence? It is not our fault, and I don't admit that it is always our misfortune either. So, you see, blame is out of the question, and pity—well, I needn't say how little I desire that."

"From me you shall have neither, Miss Wendle," said Basil, and he bade her good afternoon.

Hearing a quick patter of feet in the passage behind him as he went out, he glanced back, and had a hasty glimpse of Florrie, Mrs. Acton's little girl, dancing round the "cold, unsympathetic" Beatrice, and clapping her about the waist. It provided him with matter for consideration as he walked down the path, though why a child's want of discernment should disturb his mind at such a moment he might have found it difficult to explain.

Back at the hotel, he paced the deserted coffee-room in considerable disquiet. To himself his mission had seemed foolish and hopeless from the first; but now, looking back upon it in the light of his non-success, it appeared doubly unattractive—even impertinent.

Why had he been sent on such an insane errand? In future, if Archie got into difficulties he must get out of them himself. And Madge, his sister! Why, in heaven's name, had she added her entreaties? Was it all just to see what size of fool they really had in the family? She, at any rate, ought to know her sex better than to have supposed a girl of Beatrice's character would accept compensation in such a case, for, whatever Miss Wendle's other faults, she was not mercenary.

A wave of indignation at their misjudgment of the poor girl passed over him. It was only natural that she should have felt herself insulted by his proposition. She might, though, have allowed that his motives were perfectly honest, sincere, and disinterested. But, then, she had looked so ill and harassed, and in her endeavour to keep under perfect self-control she had perhaps been over rigorous and reserved.

He could attach no blame to her. Whom, then, must he blame? Circumstances were, of course, partly responsible, but Basil wanted some human being upon whom he could fasten his censure—some living, thinking, breathing, palpable piece of humanity.

He searched rapidly in his mind for this elusive individual, and, crossing the hearthrug for the twentieth time, caught sight of his reflection in the dusty mirror over the mantelpiece. He peered at it closely and fiercely, then suddenly gave a loud, harsh laugh of self mockery. This relieved his feelings and temporarily soothed his nerves; but its effect upon a couple of waitresses who were just entering the door was less satisfactory. Basil apologised and left the room.

He descended the hotel steps with a boy's billycock perched upon his head. A sudden gust dislodged it, and sent it down some area steps, and an old man, after eyeing it curiously, handed it up to him.

"Hello, this is not my hat," said Basil, in an aggrieved tone, and, hastening indoors, he rectified his error.

Out in the street again, his mind refused to occupy itself with anything but the afternoon's adventure, and other foot passengers found him a constant inconvenience. More and more keenly did he lament the fact of his having been placed in a position in which he had so egregiously failed to win success or even toleration, but never once—and he would have been surprised to know this himself—did he carry his lamentations so far as to wish he had not come.

With another chance he might redeem himself both in Beatrice's eyes and his own, but no excuse had been given him for a second visit. Her tone and manner might have lacked in courtesy—they certainly had in geniality—but as regards her answer its finality had been beyond question.

It was ridiculous to allow a little thing like this to discompose his mind for business, and, besides, it was so purely someone else's affair. Having come to this sensible conclusion, he returned to the hotel, and for the first time in ten years passed a sleepless night, and rose in the morning brain-weary and unrefreshed.

It was gusty and showery during the day, and he conducted his business in a dull, mechanical manner; but both the weather and himself brightened up towards evening, and it was with something closely akin to pleasure

that he mused upon the morrow's visit to his friend Willerton at Myrtledene.

And, yet, supposing he should meet Beatrice in the lane?

The weather had regained its equanimity, and it was another beautiful summer day, with a slight haze hanging in the valley that did not disperse until noon.

Basil was at the station in good time, and the fact of the train's being five minutes late caused him unreasoning annoyance. Yet Willerton would not expect him at Westbrook for at least an hour and a half, and he had only a ten minutes' railway journey before him.

When he got to Myrtledene Basil took things with exceeding leisure, loitering in the lanes like a truant schoolboy. He even allowed himself ten minutes on the stile which commanded an excellent view of Westbrook Hall, and an even better one of the modest house and pretty garden where the Wendles lived.

A boy came out of their gate and walked quickly in Basil's direction. Basil hailed him from the stile.

"What is your hurry, boy?" he called out.

"Oh, me mother's in bed with rheumatic fever—I've been to fetch someone," the lad panted. "Miss Wendle's coming in a minute."

"And where do you live?"

"Just over the hill there, behind the church."

"Do you always fetch Miss Wendle when you are in trouble?"

"Yes—she says we have to." The boy was running on again, and shouted the last words over his shoulder.

Basil heard the gate click a second time, but did not look towards it. Beatrice started slightly on seeing his figure dismounting from the stile.

"Good afternoon, Miss Wendle," said Basil. "If you are going in my direction, perhaps I might assist you with that basket."

As Basil's direction was at that moment whithersoever his fancy dictated, it would have been impossible for Beatrice not to have been going his way.

"Thank you; it is not heavy," she said, but she suffered him to take it, giving a little wintry smile as she did so.

"I forgot; you don't like helping with your burdens, do you?" he asked slyly.

"I have none that are too heavy for me."

"It is possible to over-estimate one's strength."

There was silence between them for a while.

"I have been thinking over our conversation of the other day," he said at last, "and I feel now that for my share of it I owe you an apology. Besides, I put my plea in quite a wrong form."

Beatrice looked questioningly at him.

"It could make no difference," she said uncertainly.

"That is what I fear. All the same, though, I would like to put my question in quite a new way—and take the consequences. I am afraid I have been more than a trifle narrow and thick-headed with regard to—to some things. Miss Wendle, principally with regard to yourself. As you perhaps know, I once took the liberty of questioning Archie's good taste in choosing you for his wife. I argued strongly against it, insisting that you were not his sort."

"Well, Mr. Quinton? Events have shown the wisdom of your words. It has been proved, and quite satisfactorily all round, that I am not."

"Yes, but I went further than that; I declared that you were not mine. And that is where I erred."

A faint colour crept into Beatrice's face—a flush of anger, perhaps, thought Basil.

"If my discourtesy the other day impressed you favourably, it speaks badly for your previous estimate of me, Mr. Quinton—and I fear also for your present taste."

The church spire was very near, and Basil knew he had now but a few minutes in which to bring things to an issue—favourable or otherwise. But with Basil the moment usually found the man.

"Miss Wendle," he said, coming to a sudden standstill, "if you can spare the time, give me three minutes. I have the interest of a certain person very much at heart, and I wish to plead his case."

Beatrice stopped too, and looked full in his face, then turned her gaze aside. The unruly colour came again to her cheeks, and it was deeper and remained longer.

"My answer was final, Mr. Quinton," she said, but her tone was questioning rather than assertive.

"About Archie, yes; but I'm not pleading his case now. It is one of greater urgency, and, to me, of greater importance. What I want you to understand, and what you doubtless do quite understand already, is that Archie is a dear good fellow, and acts wisely and honourably according to his lights. But he has unfortunately been and gone and got for an elder brother one of the most prejudiced, short-sighted, pig-headed nincompoops that ever strutted under heaven. Miss Wendle, hear me out. It's about this brother. He came down in his lordly, cocksure, high-handed way to offer patronage and protection and what-not to one who—to one who—well, she now holds his future happiness in her hands. Beatrice, it's very sudden—all very strange and unprecedented, perhaps, but facts

are facts, and you are the one girl in this beautiful old world that I love and long for. I pleaded my brother's cause like a fool, and I'm pleading my own like a double-headed fool, but every word is well inside the truth, and now I'm only awaiting the verdict. Life and hope—or what?"

He paused, and an ominous rattle of earthenware in the basket warned him that, whatever he was in speech, in action he was being decidedly too free. Under the protecting shade of the high thorn hedge Beatrice stood in mute perplexity, and Basil, with his stick and gloves in one hand and the basket in the other, faced her from his position in the road, too deeply in earnest to feel the absurdity of the situation and of his own attitude.

For a very long moment was Beatrice silent, her head turned away from her companion, and her eyes straining into the hazy distance. She was surprised at her own hesitancy. What right had this man to come down obtruding himself into her life, and dominating her thoughts and inclinations? Only two days before she had practically dismissed him from the house; could it be that in her affections he had lurked behind? This elder brother of Archie's—this Basil concerning whom her young lover's songs of praise had fallen on such indifferent ears; what did he mean by offering her the very fruit she had forewarned? She could find no logical reason for her change of feeling, and this distressed her and delayed her answer. For she had only his conversation of the other afternoon on which to build an estimate of the individual who asked so much of her; who had offended her foolish dignity with one offer, and now with a second—well, she was not offended. "Facts are facts," he had said. She drew in a deep, slow breath, and faced her questioner, and the first laugh he had heard from her lips fell lightly on the air. She had heard of people losing their heads in argument, but their hearts—

"Do you wish to turn our little drama into a farce, Mr. Quinton?"

"Into a farce, Heaven forbid! But into a very dramatic comedy, why, yes."

"I—I really don't know. It all seems so preposterous."

Could any girl have looked more winsome and charming than the once calm, self-confident Beatrice, with this new look of pleasure and doubt shining in her eyes, and softening her whole being into something so infinitely human and lovable. Basil knew that there could not.

"I have no more arguments to offer," he said. "Your answer means everything to me, but nothing shall lure me again into the paths of illogical eloquence." And he smiled faintly, though the tension was almost more than he could bear.

"Oh, what must I say?" cried Beatrice. "Please let us try to be rational. Let us see what three months will decide for us, Mr. Quinton."

"Archie will have mentioned to you that my name is Basil."

"Basil, then."

"Three months! It's a long time, but God bless you, Beatrice; I believe you mean to be very good to a fellow."

Their glances met, and each laughed with a feeling of ineffable and irresponsible happiness.

"You see," continued Basil, "I promised you that neither pity nor blame should you have from me, but this other thing that I offer—the contract did not debar that, did it?"

"No, I suppose not," said Beatrice, and half shyly she laughed again, and further and further away from Basil's perception, and even out of his memory, faded that "cold, unsympathetic" creation of his mind once known by him as Beatrice Wendle.

It was a strangely happy man that returned home by the 3.30 train on the following day.

When he reached home, Archie met him with outstretched hands and eager, questioning eyes; but Basil relapsed into his old imperturbable self, and suffered his brother to drag him into a room.

"Well?" said Archie, trying to penetrate Basil's expression, or lack of it. "I do believe, old chap, you've been successful."

"Er—well," replied Basil slowly, "I think she will—ultimately accept—something."

"Hurrah! Capital! You're a born diplomatist, I knew it."

"Oh, well, I don't quite know about that. I arrive at astonishing results, though, sometimes."

"Basil, there isn't another man in the world could have done what you've done."

"Well, Archie, I should like to think that, too. And I wouldn't have had anyone else try, that's another thing. Do I smell fried sole?"

"You're hungry; come along. Madge and Percy are here. By Jove, though, you are a genius, old chap! How does she look? Egotism apart, does she—is she all right? Does she seem—but, of course, on that score she will be. She regards me simply as a brother—no more, no less."

"Er—yes, that's it," said Basil, as the two went arm in arm down the hall. "And do you know, Archie, I believe that's just as she always intends to regard you."

MOTHER: "What is the trouble between you and Charles?"

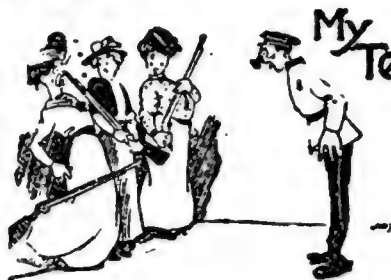
Mrs. Newwed: "I—I always heard Charles was fond of the Turf, but I simply can't make him touch the lawn-mower!"

A BARRISTER, noticing that the Court had gone to sleep, stopped short in the middle of his speech. The sudden silence woke the judges, gravely resumed—"As I remark, lords—"

The puzzled judges stared, and believed they had been asleep day.

"NEMO,"

the unknown serial writer, commences his remarkable new story on page 247 of this number.



My Terri(er)ble Wife

An 'Orrible Tale.

By "CHINSTRAP."

SUSAN came home with that expression of countenance which betokens that she has either had trouble with somebody or is going to make trouble with me. I hastily reviewed all my recent possible sins of commission and omission, and waited with all the composure of a murderer in the dock as the jury return to give their verdict.

"William," she burst forth, "I'm a 'Terrier.'" "My dear," I said mildly, "don't you think we've got enough dogs already?"—I am a little hard of hearing.

Susan regarded me with scorn (she frequently does). "I'm a 'Terrier,'" she repeated, though again I did not quite catch her observation.

"No, no, my dear. A little hasty sometimes, perhaps. But a terror—no, no," I said stoutly. "Idiot!" shouted Susan, and this time I did understand. "I have joined the Territorial Army."

And then I remembered. Owing to the unpatriotic attitude of the employers of Great Britain, Mr. Haldane, after consultation with Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Happy Fanny Fields, had decided to add an Amazon division to the Territorial Army, and the proposal had been enthusiastically welcomed. Dear Susan had expressed her intention of joining the new force, but I had hardly taken her seriously, though, between you and me, dear Susan is no joke.

"Yes," said Susan defiantly, "you may like to skulk at home, but I—"

"My dear," I expostulated, "you know I offered myself for enlistment, but the doctor said that the condition of my right ventricle—"

"Condition of your right grandmother," interrupted Susan, I must say, rather rudely, "but never mind. If you won't do your duty, I shall. The first parade's to-night. You may come."

This permission being tantamount to a command, I went.

It was a memorable occasion. All the feminine *dile* of our village were present, but only one other husband—Squeaksby, who, between you and me, is a poor henpecked sort of creature.

It appeared that Captain Sabretasche, the adjutant of our local T.A. battalion, who would ordinarily have been in charge of the proceedings, had unfortunately been seized with sudden illness, and the parade was, therefore, under the command of Sergeant-Instructor Rumfaca.

I must say, however, that the Sergeant appeared to be suffering from extreme nervousness. On drill rights the Sergeant's voice can usually be heard all over the village, but on this occasion it was quite in a mild tone that he said: "Fall in—er—ladies."

I regret to say that the ladies immediately fell out—on the question of precedence.

The Sergeant wished to arrange them according to their heights, but Lady Fitzfoodle, who is very short, said she'd be—I really can't repeat it (she was a music-hall star at one time)—if she was going to be stuck in the middle like the ham in an excommunicated sandwich, and "you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, old chap"—this to the Sergeant.

Then Mrs. Colonel Crasher flatly refused to stand below a "common tradesman's wife like Mrs. Pipkin," to which Mrs. P. retorted that she imagined her money was as good as Mrs. Crasher's, though one didn't often see the colour of it, and altogether there was a very unpleasant scene.

Eventually the Sergeant solved the difficulty by making them draw lots for places, and this worked all right, though I could see from dear Susan's face that she was not exactly pleased at finding herself between Mrs. Smithson and Miss Smythe-Browne, to neither of whom, for reasons I need not here enter into, has she spoken for two years.

The first evolution—I believe that is the correct word—was the "right turn."

The Sergeant gave the instructions something like this: "On the command turn raise the left heel and turn on the right heel and bring the foot smartly to the right and then arms close to the sides fingers extended, thumbs near seams of the trousers—beg-paw-don, has you wro—Ri—tun!"

The results were surprising. Seven of the fifteen ladies present remained stock still. Of the rest, dear Susan, I regret to say, toppled over, while of the remaining seven, six turned to the left and one to the right.

This last was Mrs. Colonel Crasher, and, I am sorry to say, her fine Roman nose coming in violent contact with Lady Fitzfoodle's, a very painful scene ensued between the two ladies, which ended in their both leaving the hall bleeding profusely. Three sympathisers accompanied Mrs. Crasher, four, and

Squeaksby, Lady Fitzfoodle, so that the numbers were now reduced to six.

The right turn manoeuvre was again essayed, this time with very fair success; but, unfortunately, Mrs. Smithson's back hair came down. In fact, between you and me, it fell on the floor with a sickening thud; I know I have heard that phrase somewhere.

I regret to say that Mrs. Smithson so far forgot herself as to accuse dear Susan of being concerned in the disaster, and a most uncomfortable scene followed, which ended in Mrs. Smithson, accompanied by two sympathisers, leaving the hall, telling me in passing that I should hear from her husband—Smithson is a rather sharp solicitor.

Dear Susan, Mrs. Pipkin, and Miss Smythe-Browne now faced the starter—I mean the Sergeant.

The Sergeant wanted to continue, "Ri—turning," but dear Susan objected.

"I have not come to learn ballet dancing," she informed the Sergeant, "I want to learn to fight. Give me a gun."

The Sergeant brought the guns, and arranged the ladies in line with the weapons by their sides.

Then he delivered himself of several yards of gibberish, and suddenly bellowed, "Shudder-r-rums!"

Immediately an agonised shriek rent the air. Dear Susan's weapon had in some unaccountable way caught Miss Smythe-Browne a very violent blow under the left eye. Miss S.-B. departed in hysterics, and Mrs. Pipkin went with her.

Dear Susan, however, stuck to her gun, and ordered the Sergeant to show her the lunge. This he did, and then dear Susan in turn lunged.

The Sergeant, however, had miscalculated dear Susan's reach, and the muzzle caught him in the middle of his waistcoat.

Uttering a frightful howl, he danced round the hall, using language which, I trust, I shall never hear again.

"William," shrieked Susan, "he's intoxicated. He's insulted me. Defend me!"

I advanced, and expostulated mildly.

"All right, all right," said the Sergeant, taking a dreadful-looking bayonet from the rack, "I'm goin' to kill you. 'Ow'll you 'ave it. Plain, coloured, underdone, or fried," and with that he sprang upon me, and then—I awoke.

I had been reading the letter that a lady recently sent to Mr. Haldane, advocating the enlistment of women in the Territorial Army.

Also I had had stuffed crab for supper.

MAUDE: "I'm a little uneasy in my mind. Ned asked me to marry him, and I told him I might, some day. Now, would you call that a promise?"

Marie: "No, I should call it a threat."

FRANK FAIRLEIGH: "Yes, Miss Antique, to be frank with you—"

Miss Antique (with a chirp): "Oh, Mr. Fairleigh, of course you may be Frank with me—but this is so sudden."

WHEN STOCKBROKERS STAMPEDE.

WHEN, the other day, a lunatic fired off his revolver within the precincts of the Stock Exchange, the members made themselves scarce with remarkable unanimity.

It is doubtful, however, whether they ran any faster away from this real danger than they did from an imaginary one which similarly emptied the House some few years back.

A nervous jobber, named Harry Brown, had been greatly annoyed by practical jokers, who persisted in exploding filbert-nut shells filled with gunpowder in his immediate vicinity. So, one morning, when the House was at its busiest, he put in an appearance with a big coconut, having a lighted fuse attached. This he placed gingerly upon the floor, and then ran away, as if for dear life.

Such a stampede! In five seconds the place was deserted. Waiters fought with members in a mad scramble to be first out through the doors. Of course, the whole affair was a carefully-planned hoax, the interior of the giant nut being filled with nothing more deadly than milk. But it served its purpose. The practice of exploding filbert-shell bombs ceased from that instant.

On another occasion a similar clearance was brought about by a young member suddenly drawing a revolver and flourishing it round his head, as if with the intention of taking pot-shots at his fellow-jobbers. Luckily, however, one or two of the braver spirits closed with him, instead of joining in the general rush, and eventually succeeded in wresting the weapon away from him.

It then transpired that he had intended committing suicide, owing to supposed losses he had incurred in connection with totally imaginary stocks, which had been foisted on him, by way of a joke, by certain hilariously-inclined brokers.

A ROYAL HAIR SPECIALIST'S ADVICE.

Something That is Good for Hair Falling Out or Turning Grey.

REMARKABLE OFFER TO ALL "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" READERS.

This article should be read with care by every sufferer from hair trouble of any kind—thinning hair, hair losing its brightness of colour, greyness, or again such troubles as scurf, dandruff, dryness, or overgreasiness of the scalp.

The advice of the chief of a firm well known as Royal hair specialists is this. Seek to stimulate the local centres and, by administering a cleansing and stimulating preparation to the affected area, clear away the cause of the trouble. Most hair troubles arise from the bad condition of the scalp soil. Hairs that would otherwise grow in health are prevented from so doing by the fact that the hair cells are clogged with deleterious matter—dust, and dirt—and in all probability the skin of the scalp has itself become diseased.

Now, all the great authorities on the hair definitely state that local treatment is necessary, and therefore a system of Hair Drill or scalp massage has been perfected by the proprietors of the greatest and most reliable of hair tonics—"Harlene."

"Harlene Hair Drill" affords the hurried man or the worried woman the very opportunity of reviving the hair and increasing the same in natural beauty. It is pleasant and effective, and immediately successful. It is not a process that needs indefinite practice. A week's trial will convince you how quickly benefit will come.

Let us now tell you how to commence "Harlene Hair Drill." It is quite a simple process, and will occupy but a few moments daily.

To properly massage—not rub—the scalp, it is necessary to spread the fingers over the head and thrust them well down into the scalp. Having done so, move the scalp or skin covering the head to and fro very gently. This action you will quickly find will loosen the blood around the hair roots, and cause a delicious free sensation in the area treated. When this has been done for a



The above drawings show how the lack or presence of hair alters one's appearance, age, etc. Men and women who neglect to cultivate their hair, allow themselves to become prematurely aged in appearance. Thousands of the British public have proved to their great satisfaction the wonderfully beneficial effect of Harlene System of "Hair Drill" in the growing of hair.

few moments, and the follicles—where the hair roots are centred—have duly energised, it is necessary to clear away the waste matter in the cells by applying some local stimulating preparation. For this purpose "Harlene" is unrivalled. It is such a scientific, common-sense thing, when you come to realise it, this "Harlene Hair Drill." It is so simple and so effective. To prove this statement every reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY should start at once. In order that no cost may be entailed, a most remarkable offer of a free trial outfit is made by the proprietors of "Harlene."

Local hair treatment of hair trouble is the modern treatment. At one time medicines were administered internally for all troubles, and, of course, years ago our grandfathers may have believed that chemicals entering the stomach might cure anything. But to-day, thanks to the public pronouncements of men like Sir Frederick Treves, we have come to rational methods of thinking. To-day one might just as well think of swallowing corn-plasters to cure corns on the feet as to take internal remedies for hair trouble. Of course, a remnant of the old faith healers are with us, but their teachings cannot hold good among common-sense people.

We have little time to waste on the follies of other people. Our desire is to show those whose hair is falling and turning grey or losing its brilliancy how to restore it to its pristine beauty.

The offer of free outfits is open to men and women, and any callers at the head office of Edwards' Harlene Co. will receive an outfit at once without any charge. Those desiring "Harlene Hair Drill" special trial outfits to be forwarded by post are requested to forward threepence in stamps to cover cost of postage to any part of the world, together with form below duly filled in.

Further supplies of "Harlene" may be obtained in bottles from Chemists and Stores all over the world at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of postal order.

FREE TRIAL COUPON.

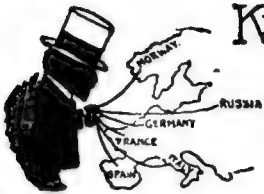
To Messrs. Edwards' Harlene Co., 85, High Holborn, London, W.C.
Sir, I accept your offer of Presentation Outfit for one week's trial of "Harlene Hair Drill and Scalp Massage," and send to readers of Pearson's Weekly. I enclose 3d. stamps for return postage. Kindly address as follows:

NAME

ADDRESS

"Pearson's Weekly," Sept. 24, 1908.
K.B.—If called for, the sample is gratis.

The King has a lot of pages, but the ROYAL MAGAZINE has more, and they are extraordinarily bright and entertaining. The October ROYAL is on sale on September 21st, price 4d.



KING EDWARD VII. WIRE-PULLER

His Majesty Exerts a
Wonderfully Soothing In-
fluence Both in Public and
Private Affairs.

THERE is good reason why Edward VII. should be called the "First Diplomat in Europe." The extent to which he has made his presence felt, not only in this country but also abroad, since he came to the throne, is little short of amazing.

That His Majesty intervened with success in a recent scandal in Ireland is one of those open secrets that never get into the papers. Things were beginning to leak out, and several reputations were tottering. The King decided that this was not for the good of the public service, so he put his almost irresistible influence to the task of smoothing matters over before it was too late.

Again, in Parliament some members showed a disposition to ask questions, but in the end it was allowed to fizzle out. One of those mysterious "hints from high quarters" reached the leaders of the Opposition—and that was an end of it.

His Majesty has taken a keen interest in everything connected with the life of the nation, both in society and in government affairs, and several times he has intervened to save a delicate situation and to clear away a difficulty that it would have been inadvisable to unravel in public. He heartily disapproves of the public washing of dirty linen.

HE CAN'T PLEASE EVERYONE.

The recent Naval scandal caused the King a great deal of annoyance, and far more is now going on behind the scenes than the public imagine. Army scandals, too, are being dealt with none the less severely because little is heard about them, and on a recent visit to Aldershot the King used some very strong language on the subject of Army discipline. As a result one or two "slack" officers have got an attack of "nerves."

King Edward, it is well known, is doing all he can to push forward Mr. Haldane's territorial scheme. One peer, who severed his connection with the Territorials in a fit of pique, has, to the surprise of his friends, renewed his connection with the scheme. It is whispered that his "second thoughts" were due to the personal intervention of the King, who did not want to lose his help, and quite frankly told him so.

There are some people who do not like, what they call, this "meddling," but as they are generally the people who are ready to accuse kings of being "a pack of idlers," little attention need be paid to their complaints.

In international politics His Majesty's influence is enormous, and in this field he is able to exercise his perfect tact.

It is solely owing to King Edward's intervention, for example, that Norway did not become a republic. The great Björnson, who played a most influential part in the separation from Sweden, was a republican. But he was convinced by an autograph letter from King Edward that a monarchy was the best thing for the new Norway, particularly if the young Danish prince who had married an English princess should be invited to ascend the throne.

HOW HE TRIED TO SAVE KING CARLOS.

In his letter the King pointed out that England would guarantee Norway's independence, and that this could be much more easily carried out if Norway, instead of declaring itself a republic, elected Haakon king. These arguments were so effective that Björnson dropped the idea of forming a republic.

It is an open secret that King Edward endeavoured strenuously to prevent the Portuguese crisis. When Queen Amelie was here at the time of the Orleans wedding, she had several conversations with the King on the subject of affairs in Portugal.

The King impressed upon her the danger into which her husband was running by his departure from constitutional methods of government. He also had some correspondence with his brother monarch, cautioning him against the establishment of a dictatorship. That his warnings were unheeded is now a matter of history. His failure to save the situation was a terrible blow to King Edward, who was far more affected by the double assassination than most people guessed.

King Edward's meeting with the Tsar at Reval has already borne fruit in the summoning to Constantinople of a conference of the Great Powers to discuss reforms in Macedonia. Germany is not at all pleased about it, and there has been some discussion in the Austrian Parliament.

German anxiety has been somewhat assuaged by King Edward's meeting with the Kaiser at Cronberg. The Kaiser was rather unwilling to meet his uncle, but the latter wrote twice to urge the importance of a private interview, and doubtless at that meeting, and at the subsequent meeting with the Austrian Emperor at Ischl, Balkan affairs were thoroughly thrashed out.

SHIPOLOADS OF MILLIONAIRES.

THE *Lusitania*, during her last trip from Liverpool to New York, had on board eleven millionaires, while more than a score of her other passengers were estimated to be worth not less than half a million apiece.

Even this record, however, was beaten, some little time back, by another Cunarder, which brought over to this country J. D. Rockefeller, Charles M. Schwab, and J. Pierpont Morgan, these three alone being estimated to be worth in the aggregate between £150,000,000 and £200,000,000.

Then, too, there was the case of the R.M.S. *Celtic*, which was chartered in 1902 to take a party of some 200 American money-kings for a cruise from New York to the Mediterranean and back. Of course, not everyone of these was, strictly speaking, a millionaire, but they were all very wealthy people, their aggregate fortunes being estimated at the time to be well in excess of £100,000,000.

Their departure excited considerable sensation, and tens of thousands of people assembled to see them off. There was plenty of chaff, and when the *Celtic* cast loose from her moorings, her band played loudly the appropriate tune, "If You Ain't Got No Money You Needn't Come Round"; while the one on the quay countered with, "We Don't Care If You Never Come Back."

Probably, however, the most remarkable gathering of wealthy and titled people ever seen together on any one ship, was that which assembled on the *Pembroke Castle*, at Copenhagen, on September 18th, 1883. Amongst those present were Queen Alexandra, the King and Queen of Denmark, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, and the Imperial and Royal children, numbering twenty-nine, besides above a hundred distinguished guests from Britain, the latter including Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Alfred Tennyson.

A FICKLE GODDESS.

Commend me not the steadfast lass
To share the nuptial knot,
t others raise their song and glass
To her who altered not.

I pledge the girl of fickle mood
Who's always making game,
The girl of sudden interlude
And never twice the same.

Why do I praise the changeable
And shun the constant mind?
Why do I love the variable,
Least firm of womankind?

At each caress that she permits,
My soul new joys invade,
For every time I kiss her, it's
Like kissing another maid.

MONEY REWARDS IN MURDER CASES.

THE money reward which has been offered by the proprietors of a weekly newspaper for information leading to the detection of the murderer of Mrs. Luard, would have been, in days gone by, supplemented by one from the State.

Up to the end of the year 1884, it was usual to pay "blood money" for the arrest of criminals, the amount varying from as little as £1 which was the sum paid for the capture of a deserter, up to £200 for a murderer.

The reason for the discontinuance of the custom is a curious one. A burglar in North London shot dead a policeman who attempted to arrest him, and escaped. The usual reward was offered for his apprehension, but no information was forthcoming. After about a year had elapsed, the offer was withdrawn; whereupon two men immediately came forward and denounced the assassin, explaining at the same time that they had not done so earlier because they did not wish it to be thought that they were after the "blood money." The fact transpired at the trial, and the authorities at once decided to offer no more rewards of the kind.

This resolution of theirs has been steadfastly adhered to, although during the "Ripper" murders strong pressure was brought to bear to induce them to do otherwise. Possibly, an exception might eventually have been made as regards this terrible series of crimes, had not the Lord Mayor come forward with an offer of £500 in connection with the only one committed inside the City boundaries.

The biggest criminal reward ever placarded, it may be mentioned, was the £10,000 offered by Government for the arrest of the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, in Dublin, on May 7th, 1882.

THEY NEVER WOULD BE MISSED.

Sunny Social Studies.

By Our Own Pessimist.



I.—THE CAMERA FIEND.

YEARS ago Sir W. S. Gilbert told us in the *Mikado* of people "who never would be missed." Some of the public nuisances on the great satirist's list are, worse luck! still with us, notably the judicial humorist. Others are less obtrusive than they were; for example, the peppermint-ball-sucking-puffing pest.

But, on the other hand, there has arisen a new assortment of social "horrors," who were unknown, or practically unknown, when Gilbert was cataloguing those with whom it would be no hardship to dispense.

Among these latter-day undesirables a sort of ignoble pride of place may well be given to the camera fiend, who has been all too much in evidence of late.

Indeed, some of his latest doings make one vainly search for an epithet, which would justly describe him without being too strong for print.

For modern photographers, or, at least, some of them, do not appear to be abashed, even in the presence of death.

Recently there was published a photograph showing a distinguished soldier taking his last look at his wife's coffin, before the grave was filled in to hide it from his sight for ever.

Am I "slow," or old-fashioned, or sentimental, because I call it an intolerable outrage that the camera fiends could not leave the poor gentleman alone at such a moment?

HIS OBNOXIOUS SECRECY.

An unscrupulous interviewer is bad enough, but a camera fiend is ten times worse. The former must, as a rule, give his "victim" some warning, but the latter need not, and, it is pretty clear, does not, or it is incredible that some of the photographs recently published would ever have found their way into print.

I have in mind another recent photograph, which showed the wife of a well-known gentleman emerging from her bath. True, it was from her bath in the sea. True, too, that a modern bathing-dress is often a more elaborate affair than a modern ball gown. But in this case the lady's costume was close-fitting, and, without entering into details, I may say that the photograph left nothing to be imagined as to the subject's figures and proportions.

It is, of course, unthinkable that the photograph was taken by permission, and here, as in other cases, the camera fiend—I had almost called him cad—had no compunction in taking a mean advantage of a lady of position; an advantage, which, I hasten to add, would have been equally mean and reprehensible, whatever her position in life.

Let me again insist that it is the secrecy with which the camera fiend works that makes him especially obnoxious.

Certainly there are unfortunately women in the position of ladies who appear to be anxious that the public should be made acquainted with almost every detail of their charms. But, as a rule, the camera fiend plays the part of a "Peeping Tom," and is rather pleased than otherwise if he can catch a woman in an embarrassing or ridiculous situation.

OUT-AND-OUT BLACKMAILERS.

The C.F. is by no means confined to the ranks of professional or newspaper photographer. He is prevalent in private life, and the private C.F. is perhaps more of a reprobate than his professional brother.

He haunts golf links, ladies' bathing grounds, stiles, lovers' lanes, anywhere he can spy on humanity, particularly feminine humanity, and "snap" it unawares.

Some of these gentry are out-and-out blackmailers, but that is an aspect of the case I propose merely to mention.

The point is this: It is considered "bad form" on the part of a novelist to make use of real people at all events, in a recognisable form. An artist who put a lady into a picture without permission would soon be called to account. The law strictly forbids the unofficial photographing of convicts.

In short, it is pretty generally recognised that the individual has a right to his individuality, and that none has a right to make him a public personage without his consent. But the camera fiend scorns this idea.

He cinematographs us living—he photographs us when we are dead—I remember some most obnoxious photographs of battlefields during the Boer War. He is there by the graveside; he is there when we come down on a slide. He takes surreptitious snaps of pretty girls, and, if he is a boulder, which is not infrequently the case, sticks them up on his mantle-piece and pretends they were given him.

Am I wrong in saying of the camera fiend that "he never would be missed?"

When friends are false and life is grey, when everybody palls, Just buy the ROYAL MAGAZINE,
and look at "From the Stalls."



Should Actors Take Calls?

What Famous Players Say.

[In London, at all events, the old practice of calling individual actors before the curtain is dying out, calls now being more generally taken by the curtain being raised upon the scene and all the players in it. Much can be said in favour of the custom; for instance, the encouragement it gives to the players. On the other hand, the illusion of a drama may often be shattered by the "corpse" of five minutes ago making a remarkable resurrection on the stage or before the curtain. Curiously enough, some of the leading actors, it will be noticed, display a remarkable inclination to evade the question.]

Mr. MATHESON LANG

(The brilliant Scottish actor, who has added to his former triumphs that of the title-role in "Pete" at the Lyceum Theatre).

I THINK "calls" properly arranged and taken are usually a help to a play, and a source of pleasure as much to the audience as to the actor.

Supposing the audience sat in dead silence, and gave no indication of their approval, how different would be the actor's feelings during the rest of the play, and how much his performance in the later scenes would be affected in consequence.

But what I cannot see any excuse for is the demonstration of disapproval by booing or hissing in an audience—the idea of "calling" or applauding an actor or a play is surely to convey a compliment to the actor or author, which compliment, if the actor or author does not please, it is just as simple to withhold.

The question of "dead" men taking calls is certainly a very difficult one. It undoubtedly is funny to see a dead figure arise straightway from his death and bow and smirk to the audience, and certainly in the middle of a play it is especially dangerous for any "dead" man to "arise."

The only satisfactory way I think out of the difficulty is for the "dead" actor to take his call entirely "out of the picture"—that is, entirely away from the scene on the stage where he died, i.e., in front of the curtain.

At the same time, one of the most impressive effects I ever saw was made by the dead actor remaining

exactly as he died, during the applause, the curtain being taken up and down repeatedly on the scene with the dead figure lying motionless where he had fallen. Where the nature of the scene permits, I think this is undoubtedly the most artistic method of all.

Matheson Lang

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER

(Naively remarks that it is pleasant to acknowledge the appreciation of the public).

I THINK the public must decide this point for themselves. It is pleasant to acknowledge one's gratitude, one's appreciation of the applause given to the artists by the public.

George Alexander

Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE

(Does not think the illusion injured).

I THINK that the practice of taking calls has now been so far "readjusted" that the illusion is not injured!

Of course, it was wrong in the days when the actor returned in the middle of a scene to acknowledge the applause; but now that it is confined to the ends of acts, it seems to me good for both audience and artists to exchange greetings from before and behind the foot-lights.

Lilian Braithwaite

Miss HILDA TREVELYAN

(Who is appearing in J. M. Barrie's latest successful play, "What Every Woman Knows").

SHOULD actors take calls is a matter, I think, which rests entirely with the audience.

Hilda Trevelyan

Mr. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE

(The foremost British actor of the present day).

I THINK that the matter referred to is one for the public, and not for me.

Herbert Beerbohm Tree

BY AEROPLANE TO THE MOON.

THAT an astronomer of the standing of Camille Flammarion should have openly stated, as he did the other day, his belief in the possibility of some day voyaging to the moon, opens up a fascinating speculation.

Of course, the difficulties are immense.

There is, to begin with, the great length of the trip—approximately 240,000 miles. Supposing that in the future any airship could be constructed that would fly at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Such a craft would, assuming all went well, effect a landing on the moon's surface in about five and a half months.

Its occupants would have to be provided with air to breathe during at least twice that period, for our atmosphere, it must be remembered, only extends outwards for a very limited number of miles, and it is doubtful whether the moon possesses any atmosphere at all. This, however, presents no insuperable difficulties, since Professor Dewar has succeeded in liquefying oxygen.

A more serious factor in the problem would be the cold. Astronomers are not agreed as to the precise amount of frigidity that would be encountered by a voyager in inter-stellar space; but, in any case, it would be below -200 F.; sufficient, that is to say, to slay instantly any living being subjected to it. Obviously, then, some means would have to be devised for artificially heating the interior of our moon-bound ship.

Lastly, there comes the question of the kind of propulsive energy to be employed. The motor-driven screws used to propel the ordinary airship or aeroplane, would, of course, be useless outside the earth's atmosphere, depending, as they do, upon the resistance offered by the air to their rotatory motion.

Instead, it would be necessary to seek out one of the repellent forces known to exist in nature, and afterward learn to utilise it in such a manner that our airship, when exposed to its influence, would be repulsed indefinitely, like two electrically-charged pith balls, which constantly fly apart.

COMPLAINANT: "Yes, your Honour, I recognise the handkerchief. It is mine."

MAGISTRATE: "What makes you think so? I don't see any mark on it, and I have one just like it in my pocket."

COMPLAINANT: "Possibly, your Honour; I have lost several."



"ANXIOUS."—Your getting stout so unexpectedly and rapidly calls for prompt measures. You can do nothing better than adopt the Antipon treatment, which will reduce you to your normal weight lastingly, and correct the weakness and lassitude of which you complain.

"12ST. 6LB."—Your normal weight in relation to your height (5ft. 7in.) should be 10st. 10lb. The necessary reduction is neither difficult nor discomforting to achieve if you consistently follow a course of Antipon. The treatment is as simple and pleasant as it is permanently beneficial.

MARGOT.—Do not do yourself serious harm by drugging and starving in order to keep down your weight. Antipon alone will take off the superfluous flesh and at the same time remove the exasperating tendency to put on flesh to excess. Try a bottle or two of this splendid preparation.

DESEPOIR.—No need to despair at all. Your good figure will return soon enough after a few bottles of Antipon.

AMELIA.—The difficult breathing you experience is a serious symptom. You must reduce your weight considerably by the real tonic fat-eliminating process, namely, the Antipon treatment. It will improve you in every way—in health, strength and figure. Chemists sell Antipon at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. a bottle.

M. T. A.—Yes, you may take as much nourishment as you like. It will not interfere with the fat-reducing effect of Antipon, which, indeed, is an excellent tonic and digestive.

MRS. L. O. Y.—While taking Antipon there is no need to go in for gymnastics, long walks, or any other exhausting exercises. The treatment is pleasant and restful, building up strength while permanently reducing the weight, and restoring beauty and health.

ANTIPON MEANS NEW LIFE AND BEAUTY

to all who are weary of trying to reduce their corpulence by a meagre innutritious diet, by mineral drugging, exhausting exercises, and other abuses. Antipon lastingly overcomes the obstinate tendency to "run to fat" whilst rapidly removing the troublesome excess of adipose matter from the system. It also promotes appetite and perfects digestion; the subject, therefore, is daily getting stronger, while beauty of form is surely returning. Antipon is a pleasant and harmless liquid containing vegetable substances only. It is sold in bottles, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. Of chemists, stores, etc.

THE DISEASE OF CORPULENCE.

THE ONLY PERMANENT CURE.

A Marvellously Successful Treatment.

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OUR SERIAL STORY.



By META SIMMINS

CHAPTER THIRTY (continued).
The Working of the Poison.

"Gone? You don't mean it—she wouldn't be so foolish—she's not that sort of woman."

The words bubbled to Walton's lips, for he was the type of man who waxes incoherently voluble in the face of troubles that strike men of strong feeling dumb. He stood staring at Hassell with a look of idiotic consternation that aroused the man to a state of fury. And fury made Hassell curiously white and calm. He crushed Mrs. Chester's note into his pocket—at least he could preserve that poor tortured cry from a woman's heart from Walton's profane curiosity—and went up to the secretary.

"Look here," he said in a low voice. "If you want to avoid trouble go to your room and stay there. . . . I'm fed up with you, d'you understand? It would give me the utmost satisfaction to horsewhip your clothes to ribbons about you—fortunately for you they are made of a cloth that protects you. Don't forget, however, what I told you before regarding Prince Farakoff or what happened on the road home from Chellis Court. The Prince may have his hands full, but he has brains and hands at work for him—don't let your zeal and the burning love of duty make you forget that. Get to your room, sir, and remain there."

"Oh, it's no good your trying to frighten me by threats or by—er—by impertinence, Hassell," the Rev. Frederick began blusteringly. "My duty is here, till Dr. Chester returns. I must stay and see what I can do—do what has to be done."

But Hassell had turned on him with a gesture so threatening that the words died on his lips.

"I must say that your conduct is extraordinary—extraordinary and insulting," he said. "In the face of it, it is impossible that I can remain here. . . . I do not wish to descend to your level so I leave you alone. Dr. Chester, no doubt, will know how to judge between us."

With what dignity he could muster, looking very like an exceedingly white and frightened rabbit, the alave to his sense of duty marched out of the library.

Hassell breathed a sigh of relief. He saw nothing comic in the encounter, as he would have done at another time. He only felt thankful for the easily won battle, knowing perfectly well that Walton was glad to retreat, glad of an excuse that would keep him out of the way and make it unnecessary for him to face the man whose home he had broken up by his malicious and indiscreet interference.

Hassell walked to the Dean's great writing-desk and sat down before it, spreading out the note Mrs. Chester had written in the light of the lamp.

"CURTIS. He knows everything. I am convinced of it. He has said nothing—but God knows I would rather have had all the reproaches in the world than his silence. He is gone now to verify the truth at Lyndhurst—God help him. We are going away, Lisa and I. I feel that this is a cruel blow to you who have done nothing to deserve it; but I see now that Lisa is right. . . . there could be no happiness for either of you—there is no peace in this world or the next for the woman who goes against her conscience in such a matter. . . . Good-bye."

There had been another line, but it was erased so carefully that Hassell could not read it, though he tried, twisting the paper this way and that. He sat now staring at the sheet covered with Cara's fine, rather masculine writing. It was the cry of a thoroughly conscience-stricken woman, this letter. She had aimed, she repented—she was willing to suffer. And with the zeal of the convert she desired that her daughter—guilty of nothing, the victim only of perverted fate—should suffer with her.

Where could they have gone? He raised his head and looked at the clock on its bracket between the bookcases. Half-past eleven! Where on earth could they have gone at such an hour? Of course, he did not know how long it was since they had left the house; but it could not be very long. The whole tragedy had not been many hours in the working out. It seemed to him that there was only one refuge open to women in such a strait as Mrs. Chester and her daughter found themselves—London. And the last train for London had left Salehurst a full hour and a half ago.

He rang the bell and asked for Cara's maid, and she came to him with what seemed a surprising alacrity.

She was a Frenchwoman whom Cara had rescued once from an ugly scrape. The woman was grateful in an unusual degree, and devoted accordingly. Hassell knew nothing of this, but he felt as soon as he laid eyes on

her that she was not of the type whom it would be easy to betray into verbal indiscretions. She was tall and very thin, with a dark, lean face and hard, bright eyes that seemed made to see everything and reveal nothing. She spoke English perfectly and her manner made Hassell feel that she regarded it as a singular thing that he should take upon himself the rôle of inquisitor.

"Your mistress has gone away somewhat unexpectedly?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."
"Before she went away she gave you this note for me—did much time elapse between her departure and my reception of the note?"

"Not very long, sir."
"How long—an hour?"

"Perhaps. I really could not say—it might have been more, it might have been less, sir."

"You mean that you do not wish to say," Hassell put the question with brusque abruptness, but it did not shake the woman's air of respectful composure.

"That is so, sir," she answered. And for the first time she raised her eyes and looked at Hassell. The glance seemed to warn him what a waste of time this interrogation was.

"Miss Nairn accompanied your mistress—did they take any luggage? It is very necessary that I should know."

The woman hesitated. Evidently she wondered how much she might admit. "Yes, sir," she answered grudgingly.

"They did take luggage? You are rather an exasperating person, you know, Louise. Are you to join your mistress in London?"

"I am to wait instructions, sir."
That was the utmost all his questioning could draw from her.

"I would like to see Mrs. Chester's room," he said suddenly. It occurred to him that perhaps Cara had left some incriminating letter of farewell to her husband. She was the type of woman who would do such a thing. It might be possible for him to get possession of it before Dr. Chester saw it, before it worked irreparable injury.

"I am afraid I cannot allow you to go into Mrs. Chester's room, sir," the maid said. "She would not like it, sir. She is very particular—I have my instructions."

"Ah, then that is all right," Hassell did not press the point. He was not certain to what extent this woman might be in her mistress's confidence—he did not wish to do anything indiscreet—to arouse curiosity and perhaps give material for a wrong interpretation as to Cara's hurried departure. No doubt it was already known and commented on in the servant's hall. He felt an immense pity for Xavier Chester surge in his mind. What had he found at Lyndhurst—an empty house, the indications of flight? Something that would point to the fact that perhaps Cara in her despair had gone back to this man. . . . He rose to his feet, urged by a sudden impulse. He must go out and meet Xavier Chester and tell him the truth—the plain truth that, ugly as it was, was yet straight-limbed and not distorted as Frederick Walton had pictured it.

"Ah, thanks, Louise, I understand. I only wanted to see if Mrs. Chester had left—" he paused abruptly. "Really, it was only a whim. You are very faithful and discreet—I shall not forget to mention the fact to Mrs. Chester. Be resolute in your determination to admit no one to her apartments—least of all Mr. Walton."

A flicker of a smile crossed over the woman's hard face. "You may be quite sure of that, sir," she said, "I have the key in my pocket."

Hassell went out into the hall and encountered Jenkins, the butler, moving about guiltily and uneasily.

"I'm going out to see if I can meet Dr. Chester," Hassell said to him. "I think my man has my car outside, but I am going on foot. Make arrangements for it to be taken round to the stable, Jenkins, and tell the chauffeur that he need not wait—I shall drive myself."

"Yes, sir," Jenkins looked at Hassell for a moment. He was old and privileged, and he had served Xavier Chester's father before him, though not in the capacity of butler, and his fidelity seemed to scent trouble in the air.

"I hope nothink is wrong, sir. Excuse the liberty of mentioning it; but Dr. Chester looked terribly troubled, and then Mrs. Chester leaving so suddenlike for London. If I thought it 'ad anything to do with that 'ere little rat—" he checked himself hastily and passed his hand apologetically over his shaven chin. "Excuse me, sir; but I get carried away."

"There is a little trouble," Hassell said, "but nothing that will not blow over, I am sure. The great thing is to be discreet, Jenkins, and allow no unauthorized person to ask questions."

Had Jenkins' appearance not been practically archiepiscopal, one might have said that the look he gave Hassell as he bowed in understanding was accompanied by a wink.

Hassell turned up the collar of his coat as he went out into the clear night on his way to meet Dr. Chester coming back from Lyndhurst.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.

Proof.

BUT Xavier Chester had gone where Curtius Hassell could not have followed him, even if it had occurred to the young man that the Dean might not come straight home from Lyndhurst Manor.

Dr. Chester had brought Zetella down to the Deanery and aroused the lodge-keeper, a woman upon whose discretion he could rely, and left the girl in her care. He had come to the decision of waiting until the morning before taking steps to verify the truth of Zetella's strange story. The mysterious element was too strong, despite the proof of the cigarette-case, and he did not want to run the risk of precipitating scandal.

Leaving Zetella at the lodge, he crossed the gravelled quadrangle to the Cathedral, which loomed up soft and beautiful as a silver-point drawing against the clear, dark blue of the sky. He entered the sacred building by a small side door, of which he always carried the key. It was a door which gave immediate entrance into one of the side chapels, a tiny sanctuary used for private devotions and for sparsely attended services only.

The chapel was lighted by a small window above the altar; to-night a cold, strong flood of moonlight poured through it, rendering all other light unnecessary, though the chapel, like the rest of the Cathedral, was wired for electric light.

He fell on his knees before a small praying-desk set outside the altar rails, and buried his face in his hands. But he could not pray, he could only think, think, think. The moonlight fell on his hair, thickly-streaked with grey, upon his bent shoulders, which heaved now and then, as though a dry sob escaped him, and it seemed almost as though this cold flood of light was an interrogation, not a caress.

By-and-by his thoughts began to get clearer, more coherent. The training of a lifetime is not easily cast aside, and the training of Xavier Chester's mind had been logical, scholarly, and austere. He realized that he must frame some course of action—that he had not the right to sit still and repine.

The interview with his wife still had to be gone through—or, rather, the interview with the woman he had believed to be his wife. The steps of that agony had still to be trodden. What was he to say or do? God help him, he loved her still, though she had made him a sinner, though she had tricked him—though, through her instrumentality, he had introduced a shame into the household of faith.

There lay the bitterness of it. He who had always upheld the sanctity of marriage, who had proclaimed with no uncertain voice that those whom God had joined no man has the power to put asunder, who had denounced unfalteringly the so-called re-marriage of divorced persons—he, himself, had gone through a form of marriage with a woman whose husband still lived. And worse—with a woman who had put away her husband according to an American law that was not even recognised in this country.

And at this thought he groaned aloud. Unconsciously through him an evil had been introduced into the Church, and by him that evil must be rooted out, though his own life were the forfeit. But how? That was the burden of his thoughts.

It was characteristic of the man that he cast the blame upon himself entirely, and did not rail at Fate or revile Heaven. It was his own fault, he who had been an all but vowed celibate, should not have married. . . . should not have allowed his heart to have been led away from the supreme end of his being. . . . The flood of his passion of anger against Cara subsided, leaving the residue of love behind, but a love that was chilled and overlaid by the ice of disdain.

He took the matter of his life and laid it like the prophet of old before God. The power of prayer returned to him. He knelt till the cold chill of the moon faded and dawn was born. The chapel began to fill with a chill light. His body was cold—strange, shooting pains passed through his cramped legs. With the coming of morning his thoughts fell from Heaven to earth.

Slowly and painfully he rose to his feet. The problem which faced him now was that of immediate action; as to his ultimate course he was in no doubt. But how to blind the ever-suspicious eyes of his servants, how to seal Walton's tongue—how to avert the scandal without for a moment faltering from the truth—that was the difficulty!

Much, of course, depended on Cara. He wondered what she would do when he told her that he knew everything. He wondered also about Lisa. . . . how much did she know? He hoped, more than he would have acknowledged to himself, that Lisa at least was free from deceit towards him. He loved Lisa, he could not have loved a daughter of his own more. . . . loved her because of that very atmosphere of purity that seemed to cling about her, as it clings about a child. To lose mother and daughter out of his home. . . . Oh, God, if he had sinned—and he had sinned—the punishment was great. . . . surely utterly proportionate.

And then as he stood in the clear, crude light of the dawning, cramped and weary, he asked himself what had come to him that he should dare to set himself up as a critic of God's justice.

He left the chapel and locked it, and went down the long, echoing cloisters to the door that gave into the Deanery itself, and thence through the side hall and up the staircase to his dressing-room. His step was that of an old man. There was no longer any doubt, any halting on the roadway of life; he had become old in one night.

He went through his toilet mechanically. The process refreshed him a little physically, but mentally, he was very, very tired. A strange sensation of having returned to his home after a long journey in a foreign land took possession of him. He went over to the glass. The face which looked back at him was the face of a stranger;

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It startled him—those bloodshot eyes, that wrinkled face were surely not his. He stared at himself a few moments in amazement, then as his eyes fell from the glass they rested on an envelope which lay on his dressing-table; he had not noticed it before. It was addressed to him in his wife's writing.

He looked at it doubtfully. What did it mean? Why had the woman sleeping in the next room taken this means of communicating with him . . . had her guilty conscience taken fright, warned her of the coming of death? Or had Walton dared—?

He stopped short with the letter in his hand unopened, his haggard face suffused with an angry flush. If Walton had tampered with her—he did not dare to let his thoughts carry him further. Never since he had been a man at college, on the very threshold of life, had he felt such a surging of insensate passion thrill him as he did then.

Mastering himself with an effort, he opened Cara's letter; the paper fluttered in his shaking hands.

"MY DEAR,—I have no right to call you that, perhaps, but you are dear and always must be dear to me, even though you are not mine. I understand you know the truth—how much more than the truth Paul may have told you I do not care to think. There is no excuse to offer for the thing that I have done—I lied to you, lied because I loved you and was afraid to lose you. Only I would like you to believe that when I married you I thought that he was dead . . . I thought that the past was buried in his grave . . . that you would never know about it till that time when the secrets of all hearts are revealed. Then I knew you would understand—that there would be no necessity to forgive."

"And now I do not ask for pity or for forgiveness—I am unworthy of either—and even to you they must be impossible. I do the one thing that I can do. I pass out of your life for ever."

The signature was firm and decisive. "Carinthia." No other name. Perhaps that hurt the Dean more than anything in all the woman had written; it seemed to tell him that, like Hagar, she had fled before the face of her sin into the desert of the world—a woman without a name.

He held the letter and stared at it like a man stunned. "Gone! What did she mean to do? Had Lisa gone with her?"

He felt as though the solid earth had given beneath his feet. It had never entered into his calculations that she would take the law into her own hands and go away. All along he had felt that it was he who would command, give orders, avert public scandal, and deal out justice.

A cold fear seized him; if anything happened to this woman the blame would be his. She was passionate and desperate. He ought to have spoken to her last night, instead of treating her with a coldness that must have told its own story to her guilty mind. What if in her passion and despair she were driven to self-destruction? He would be her murderer . . .

He glanced towards the communicating door which led to her bedroom. Perhaps she had not yet gone; perhaps there was time to save her. In his heart he knew perfectly well that he was only deceiving himself, buoying himself up with false hopes, but he knocked lightly on the door; then, receiving no answer, he turned the handle and went in.

The room was empty, the blinds still drawn. He slipped across to the door by which the maid could enter, but it was locked. Cara had evidently passed through his room in her flight. He never suspected Louise of being in her mistress's confidence.

He pulled up one of the blinds and looked about him. Except that the bed had not been slept in, there was no sign of anything unusual—nothing had been disturbed. There were evidences that she had changed her dress. The lace gown she had worn at dinner last night lay over a chair, a pair of her small, high-heeled slippers stood by the bed.

He opened her wardrobe and looked in—it was full. The silver ornaments and brushes on the dressing-table were still there. There was no sign of hurried flight. A hope seized him that she had thought better of her resolve and gone downstairs.

With a caution extraordinary in a man he threw down the bedclothes and rumpled the pillow. Then, unlocking the door, he went downstairs to the breakfast-room.

Breakfast was on the table. A pile of letters lay on Cara's plate, but the chair behind the coffee-pot was empty. There was no sign of the women who had made this desolate house a home to him. With a lump in his throat, the Dean passed out of the room and made an unostentatious search in the places it seemed likely that Lisa or Cara might be. But there was no sign of her; she had evidently spoken the truth. She was gone. He accosted the butler as he passed through the hall.

"Has Mrs. Chester gone yet?" he asked with affected carelessness.

The butler looked at him with a surprise he could not conceal.

"Yes, sir," he replied in a startled voice, "she went last night." His tone was very low, and he affected to hear a non-existent ring at the front door, and hurried off at once.

The Dean turned away and re-entered the breakfast-room. He felt like a man who at one blow loses both wife and child unexpectedly, irrevocably.

He could not even make a pretence of breakfasting, though he tried to do so. He poured himself out a cup of coffee, but he did not touch it. He left the room and went across the hall to the library and locked himself in.

"I cannot lose her . . . I cannot live without her. I love her more than I love myself—or my work or my God."

That was what he repeated to himself as he paced up and down the room. It would mean giving up his work—he could not help it. It would mean giving the lie to all the traditions of a lifetime—he could not help it. He understood as he had never understood before the meaning of the words of the Wise Man when he spoke of those men who had "run out of their wits for women." He was abashed and ashamed in his own sight—no waters could ever wash him clean . . . but he could not give her up.

As he paced the room, the sight of the Cathedral tower, grey and majestic in the morning sunlight, filled him with a sense of humiliation. He drew down the blind that he might blot it out; but inside, upon the walls, above the bookcases, looked down upon him, so it seemed to him, coldly disapproving, contemptuous eyes—the eyes of the portraits of his predecessors. Never now, he felt, would his name be worthy to be emblazoned on the proud roll on the Cathedral wall which told their names. The Deans of Salehurst had numbered among them many wise and prudent and pious men; churchmen who combined with a singular happiness the qualities of head and heart, but never such a one as he . . .

He hung himself down in the chair before his desk and bent his head upon his arm. His heart cried out to Heaven wordlessly for a deliverance from the torture which possessed him—it was unbearable, unendurable. He could have prayed for everlasting forgetfulness, but his life's training caught him up on the brink.

Then, as he bent there in self-abasement before God, light seemed to come to him. The indication of a great duty and a great renunciation. His way, a narrow way and beset with thorns, became suddenly clear to him. He raised his head and looked out before him with a dawning thankfulness in his eyes.

For a little time longer he sat there motionless. Then, with a sudden squaring of his shoulders, he drew himself together and wrote a little note of directions addressed to his secretary. He placed it on the table in a conspicuous position.

A few minutes later he had left the room and the house.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO.

The Convict Speaks.

WHEN Curtius Hassell failed to meet the Dean, though he had walked up to the very gates of the Manor House and hung about for over an hour, he had returned to the Deanery. But the Deanery had been shut-eyed and asleep, and he had not cared to create attention by knocking up the servants so he had walked back to Challis Court and arrived there footsore and sick at heart at an hour considerably past three o'clock in the morning.

As a result of his fatigue, he slept heavily and late, and consequently did not arrive at the Deanery until noon. The Dean had then been absent for a couple of hours.

Dr. Chester had left for London. It was Jenkins, the butler, who vouchsafed this information—not the Reverend Frederick, though he did encounter the secretary in the hall. The Reverend Frederick contented himself with wishing him a mild "Good morning" and passing on with an air of suppressed importance, which was his method of acting in a Christian manner and turning, so to speak, his cheek to the smiter.

Hassell stood looking down at the floor, his brows knotted. He felt perplexed and extremely annoyed at being left so utterly in the dark. Had the Dean heard anything, he wondered? Surely he must have had some reason for leaving Salehurst so precipitately. No doubt Cara had left no clue behind her, he felt more than ever convinced that she was not the sort of woman to leave her husband without a word.

"Sir Curtius!"

At the sound of his name uttered in a fat, comfortable voice, Hassell turned abruptly to encounter the perplexed eyes of the housekeeper. Mrs. Creed's usually placid face was puckered with anxiety, she looked as though she might be upon the very point of tears.

"Why, Martha, you don't look at all fit! What's the matter?"

Insensibly Hassell's voice took a boyish tone in speaking to Martha Creed. She had known him before he donned his first knickerbockers.

"Oh, dearie, yes—everything seems the matter," the housekeeper said in a low voice. "This house seems fair bewitched. Here's Dr. Chester and Mrs. Chester and the young lady all gone off—without so much as a word, and left me with a sick man on my hands, and not an ordinary sick man, mind you, Sir Curtius. A regular henigma."

Hassell's eyes darkened a little.

"Why I thought he was such a very sick man that you and the doctor were just waiting for him to die, Martha."

"Sir Curtius, Sir Curtius," cried the housekeeper, greatly shocked. "He's mending nicely—everything is as it should be, the doctor rarely pleased and all—just but for the one thing. He keeps calling out for someone."

"Calling out?" repeated Hassell quickly. "For whom?"

The housekeeper looked embarrassed.

"Well, sir, it's hard to rightly say," she replied slowly.

"For the Dean, it seemed once—and once for a woman—it might be—and once, though it hardly seems possible, for you, sir."

"For me? Is he still delirious then?"

"The doctor thinks not. But perhaps if you was to come and see him," Mrs. Creed suggested tentatively.

"Yes, that would be best." There was something in his look and voice that seemed to silence the old woman, for she made no attempt at conversation as she led Hassell up to the bedroom.

At the door she paused.

"Perhaps it would be best if I went in just to prepare him like," she said in a low voice.

Hassell nodded and waited while she went in. She had left the door of the bedroom open, but Hassell could see nothing of the room because of the screen at the door. He could hear the faint murmur of voices, that of the sick man, low and thin, a little querulous; then, in a minute or two, Mrs. Creed appeared again and beckoned. Hassell followed her into the sickroom, conscious that his heart beat with a strange rapidity.

(Another instalment next week.)

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No. 1.—Celebrated "Highbury" Divan Easy Chair, full size, covered superior Eddleburg and Mohair Velvet (thousands sold)	1	12	6
No. 2.—Handsome inlaid mahogany Sheraton design Music or China Cabinet, 4ft. high, 2ft. wide	2	7	6
No. 3.—The celebrated "Highbury" Divan Couch, full size, covered superior Eddleburg and Mohair Velvet	2	15	0
No. 4.—Very handsome Chippendale design Overmantel, 22in. by 30in.	1	9	6
No. 5.—Solid fumigated oak Bureau Bookcase, 2ft. 9in. wide, 5ft. 6in. high, fitted ecclesiastical glass doors	2	17	6
No. 6.—Well-made solid fumigated oak 2ft. Bedroom Suite	5	17	6
No. 7.—Handsome double-door Bookcase, fitted drawers, cupboards, &c.	3	10	0
No. 8.—Walrus Eticbeard, 4ft. wide, hand-made levelled glass back bottom fitted drawers and cupboard	4	10	0
No. 9.—Handsome solid fumigated oak Bedstead, with spring mattress	1	15	0
No. 10.—Very elegant mahogany inlaid Sheraton design Bureau Bookcase, 3ft. wide	8	15	0
No. 11.—Louis XIV. Chippendale design Cabinet, 4ft. wide, 2ft. high, fitted polished brass show cases, &c.	3	5	0
No. 12.—Luxuriously sprung upholstered Chesterfield Settee, covered superior art tapestry	3	3	0
No. 13.—The Stanley Model, a magnificent toned instrument in Chippendale design case	19	19	0
No. 14.—Solid cherry wood dwarf Bookcase, 3ft. wide	0	15	6
No. 15.—Very choice solid mahogany inlaid Sheraton design Bedroom Suite	12	15	0
No. 16.—Elegant quaint design oak Welsh Dresser, 4ft. 6in. wide	5	10	0
No. 17.—Full size, elegant, all brass throughout, Sheraton style Bedstead	4	12	6

COUNTRY ORDERS PACKED AND SENT CARRIAGE PAID.

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Please send Bargain Sample No. for which I enclose 4s., and promise to pay balance by instalments of 4s. monthly.

Name

Address

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF BARGAIN SAMPLES
Sent Post FREE.

How many a girl whose swain is false goes round with eyes a-swim, Give her a ROYAL MAGAZINE and she will gulp no more for him.

THINGS A WOMAN
WANTS TO KNOW.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
"ISOBEL"

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Milk Toast.

Toast some squares of bread, trim off the crust, prick all over with a fork, and season with butter and salt. Boil some rich new milk, and pour over the toast sufficient to make it thoroughly moist. Serve very hot. (Reply to ELISA.)

Treacle Pies.

Line some small saucers with short pastry, put in some treacle and cover with a thick layer of very fine breadcrumbs, with a little ginger mixed in them. Ornament the top with bars of pastry and bake in a sharp oven.

Potatoes Fried Whole.

Peel and parboil potatoes in salted water, take from the fire and drain dry. Brush each over with beaten egg, roll in breadcrumbs, drop into boiling fat, and fry a golden colour. Drain on paper by the fire and serve alone, or with chops.

Scrambled Eggs and Ham.

Beat up three eggs and half a teaspoonful of finely chopped fried or boiled ham. Put a dessertspoonful of butter into a saucepan, and, when hot, pour in the mixture; stir carefully until the consistency of custard. Pour on to hot buttered toast or into hot scallop shells, and serve at once.

Portable Lemonade.

Take half an ounce of citric acid, four ounces of finely crushed or caster sugar, and ten drops of essence of lemon. Mix all thoroughly and pass twice through a clean wire sieve. Two teaspoonfuls of this powder will make a splendid glass of lemonade at a small cost. (Reply to H. LEEN.)

Black Butter.

To serve with fish, must be prepared as follows: Put one ounce of butter in a saucepan, and leave it on the stove till the butter becomes a dark colour but not burnt. Add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little tarragon vinegar, some ketchup, salt, and cayenne pepper. Serve at once in a small sauceboat or jug.

Try Fignon Steaks.

These are made from haddock, a fish we all know well. It is a watery fish, therefore when boiled it is poor, and it depends entirely on the cooking whether it is palatable or not. The steaks are made thus: Take a fair sized fish, and cut it in steaks of an inch in thickness and flour well. Dip into egg and breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat; garnish with slices of lemon and fried parsley.

Water Melon Jam.

To every pound and a half of melon add one pound of sugar, the juice of one lemon and its grated rind. Add one-third of a pint of water to every three pounds of melon. First cut the melon, remove the seeds, and pare thickly so as to remove all hard parts. Cut the melon up finely, put all ingredients in a pan together, and when it comes to the boil cook fast for an hour, stirring all the time. This is a delicious jam and one that keeps well. (Reply to RYHOPE.)

Mutton in a Brown Pot.

Line a greased brown cooking-jar (that has a cover) with a wall of cooked rice. Free some cooked mutton from fat and gristle and chop it finely. Season to taste. Add a little onion juice, and moisten all thoroughly with gravy. Cover with a layer of rice, place the lid on the pot, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Then take the lid off the pot, put a little grated cheese and breadcrumbs on the top, and return to the oven till nicely browned. Send to table in the pot.

To Jug an Old Hare.

This recipe is useful on a farm where one has an old hare not fit for market. After cleaning and skinning the hare, cut it up and season with pepper, salt, allspice, pounded mace and a little nutmeg. Place the hare in joints in a jar, with an onion, a clove or two, a bunch of sweet herbs, and a piece of coarse beef, and put the carcase bones over all. Tie the jar down with a bladder and put it in a saucepan of water up to the neck, but no higher. Keep the water boiling gently for five hours, adding more as it shrinks. When the hare is to be served, boil the gravy up with a piece of butter and some flour, stirring thoroughly as it cooks; colour a nice brown and add more seasoning if necessary. Do not let the meat boil again, but add it to the hot gravy and stand at the side of the stove.



No. 17730. Paper Pattern, 6½d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta St., London, W.O.

THE IDEAL SCHOOL SUIT.

SERGES of either the rough or smooth kind, in common with tweed and frieze, are certainly the best choice for a hard-wear suit of this description, and the necessary length of two and a quarter yards (double width) could not be considered a great expense. In addition to this, the sateen or Italian cloth for lining the coat must be taken into consideration, together with the buttons and small quantities of French canvas (for interlining) and lining, to face the knicker-tops.

Any little lad of eight to ten might well consider himself fortunate to have such a suit as this (No. 17730) made at home; and any mother who makes such a suit, even at some inconvenience to herself, will find her labour well repaid, for is she not then sure of the cuttings wherewith to mend the suit when repair becomes necessary, and will she not, with a mother's forethought, allow such turnings on the seams that it becomes possible to let-out the garment if this becomes necessary?

Little comment is needed concerning the knickers, save the importance of introducing a three-inch band of canvas into the waist portion. The box-pleats on the coat are made separately and afterwards stitched in position; and the home-worker who does not shine at making buttonholes will probably be glad to introduce a third pleat, in the centre, to hide the buttons. The wrist portion of the sleeves and also the collar demand an interlining.

TO PRESERVE THE BATH ENAMEL.

THE enamel of the bath will be kept in good condition if, when a hot bath is required, the temperature of the water is tested before it is poured in; and if cold water is to be added, it is poured first into the bath. Too hot water cracks the surface.

DEEP BREATHING IS BENEFICIAL.

THE simplest way to get warm after exposure to cold is to take a long breath with the mouth firmly shut. Repeat this several times until you begin to feel the heat returning. It requires a very short time to do this.

The long breath quickens the pulse, and thus causes the blood to circulate faster. The blood flows into all parts of the veins and arteries, and gives out a great deal of heat.

It is stated that this method of deep breathing prevents colds and a great many other ailments if begun in time.

DON'T GROW CYNICAL.

No matter how roughly life may treat you, fight desperately hard against allowing yourself to grow hard and bitter.

A woman's sweetness and gentleness are her greatest charms and her strongest weapons. To be hard and bitter and cynical is to lose all loveliness.

You may have the hardest kind of luck, everything may go wrong, but as long as you are brave and sweet over it you will at least have the sympathy of your friends.

If your misfortunes turn you crabbed and bitter, no one will feel one bit sorry for you.

A cynical woman turns all the milk of human kindness into vinegar. According to her creed there is nothing good and nothing true. She ascribes false motives to every kindness.

WHERE BACHELORS BLUNDER.

THE world is full of foolish bachelors. They are running around spending their money in all sorts of profitless ways, when they would be much better off spending it in supporting a wife and family.

As bachelors they have nothing to show for the money spent. As married men they would have a wife, home, and family.

As a young man the bachelor is free from responsibility and at liberty to spend all he earns upon himself.

But as an old man he is simply forlorn. Most men seem to have an idea that they can marry any woman at any age.

It is a mistaken idea, however. It may be possible for any man to marry, but it is not possible for him to pick and choose, especially after he is an unattractive old bachelor.

A man should marry between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. After the latter age he is beginning to get crabbed and fussy in his ways.

EVERY LADY

should see the "Daily Express" on Mondays, when a full page is devoted to matters of particular interest to them. The

Daily Express

is the most chatty, reliable, interesting, and informative of all the London papers, and may be ordered direct from any newsagent. Price One Halfpenny daily.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Fine Pine-wood Shavings

Make an excellent pillow, especially for those suffering from the lungs and throat.

Finger Marks

Will disappear from varnished furniture when a little sweet oil is rubbed on the spot. Afterwards polish with a clean duster.

A Clean Whisk

Is very necessary when beating eggs, for any grease on it will prevent the eggs from frothing.

To Clear a Stove of Clinkers

Put a handful of salt into it while a hot fire is burning. When cold remove the clinkers with a cold chisel. (Reply to PATSEY, Louth.)

Powdered Horseradish

Is very useful in winter if prepared as follows: Slice the horseradish rather thin, lay it on papers in the oven, and when dry enough pound and bottle it for use.

Before taking a House.

Be it cottage or mansion, always have the drainage system carefully inspected. This is done by the local sanitary inspector at a small cost. Typhoid fever, blood poisoning, diphtheria and other ills may be contracted owing to the neglect of this point.

Fried Breakfast Bacon

Is greatly improved if cooked in some of the bacon fat saved from the previous day. There should be just enough for the bacon to float in, and it must be quite hot before the rashers are added. Cook for two or three minutes.

Grass Stains

On children's frocks and pinafores are often a great annoyance. These can be entirely removed if soaked in a little paraffin before being sent to the laundry. You will find that but very little paraffin and rubbing are necessary. (Reply to MATER, Brixton.)

A Useful Lemon Flavouring

In every household is prepared as follows: Grate the yellow rind off the lemons and squeeze the juice. Add to the juice and rind of every two lemons half a pound of sugar, and place in glass-stoppered bottles. This preparation comes in for lemonade as well as for cakes, sauces, and puddings.

To Preserve Onions.

First let the onions dry thoroughly on hurdles, or raised from the ground in any way you like. Then make a poker red hot and singe the roots to prevent premature growth. Tie the onions on to straw bands by their stalks and hang in a cool, dry store room. (Reply to VENTNOR READER.)

Turn Pillow Cases

When they are beginning to show signs of wear and they will take a new lease of life. Unpick the bottom seam, and before sewing it up again fold the case so that the seam at the side now goes down the middle. In this way one makes the whole case take an equal amount of wear, and very little time is spent over the alteration.

Condensed Milk

Is often useful for puddings and cold shapes, such as chocolate and cocoanut, or with cheese. It is best to use the unsweetened milk and add as much sugar as you require just before the cooking process is complete. When one lives far from the dairy this milk is invaluable for dishes required in haste.

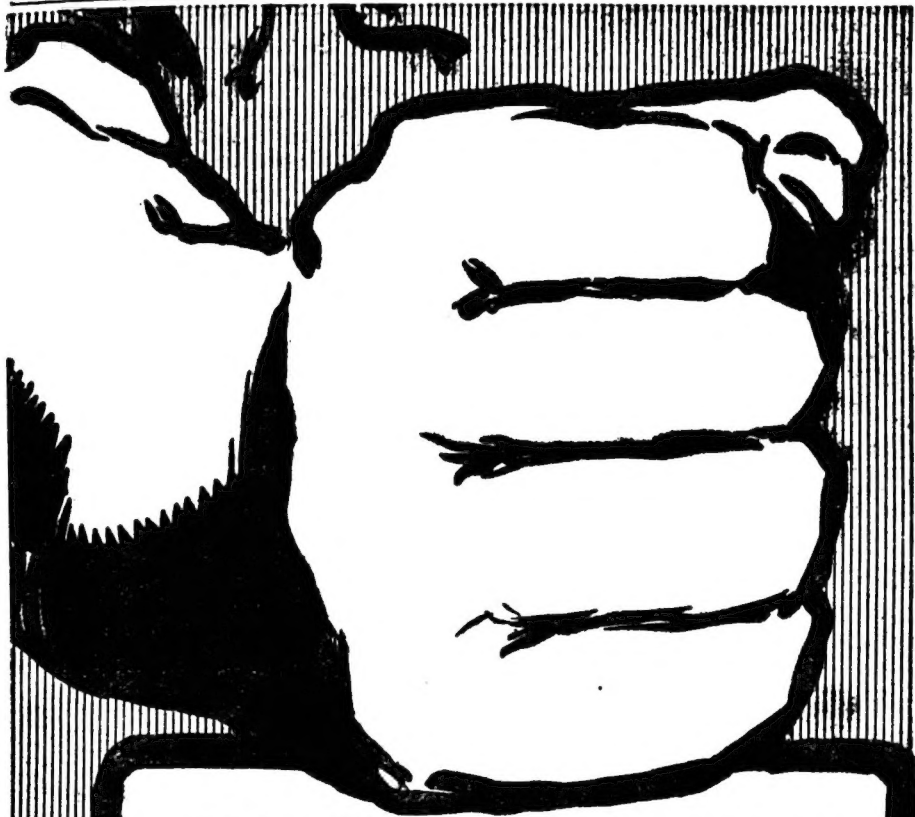
Honey used as Medicine

Is sometimes very valuable, especially in lung and throat affections. Honey contains starch and sugar, which have to a considerable extent been digested by the bees. Occasionally one finds a person with whom it does not agree, but most people can take it with good results. Do not sell your good supply, but store in a cool, airy place and use instead of jam or marmalade. (Reply to IOTA.)

To Judge Hares.

In order to know the age of hares, feel the first joint of the fore claw. If a small nut can still be felt the animal is young. If the nut is not apparent, turn the claw sideways, when if the hare is young the joint will crack. When these signs are wanting you will know that the hare is too old for roasting, and must be carefully juggled. (Reply to ELIZA PORTER.)

Isobel



It's the weight behind the blow that wins the fight. It's sheer force that pushes home a business deal to a successful conclusion. And this force you can get only in one way—from the food you eat. Therefore the food you want is the one that feeds you best—that gives you weight and force.

Quaker Oats

SCOTT'S

Lower John Street, Biddulph, nr. Congleton,
January 11th, 1903.

"At 8 months my son would not put one of his legs down, but curled it up under him, and he showed no signs of cutting teeth. The doctor diagnosed

rickets

On SCOTT'S Emulsion he improved wonderfully. He cut his teeth without any trouble, and now, at 22 months, he can run about anywhere as lively as a cricket."

H. J. LATHAM

EMULSION

The Emulsion which cleared this little system of rickets so smartly was SCOTT'S, known by "the Fish-man" on the package. SCOTT'S is the only emulsion made of the finest ingredients by the fine SCOTT process, the only emulsion which is a certain cure for rickets, and which cures at whatever time of the year you have rickets.

Scott's Emulsion

Write for free sample (enclose 1d. for postage and name this paper). SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.



The Ingersoll 5/- Watch keeps good time all the time.

The reliability and high standard of the "Ingersoll" is amply proved by the long continued and ever increasing demand for it.

Regular men's size, open face, real lever, lantern piston, keyless action—stem-winding and stem-setting; non-magnetic; cases in nickel, gun-metal or gold plate finish.

For sale by leading shopkeepers, but if your dealer cannot supply you, send us 5/- and we will send watch to you by return post. Booklet free.

Other "Ingersoll" Watches—Belpex, 6/-; Triumph, 7/6; and the Ladies' Midget Watch, 3/6. ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 288 Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.

THERE IS NO RISK IN TAKING

Beecham's Pills. Their long and successful service in the welfare of the Public proves them to be a medicine of quite unusual excellence. What they have done for thousands of others you may reasonably expect they will do for you.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

do their work in Nature's way. They act specifically but gently on the faulty organs. They are an unequalled preparation for all cases of Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Liver and Kidneys, and Impurities of the Blood. You need not have the slightest hesitation in adopting a course of these pills. The valuable vegetable extracts from which they are skilfully compounded ensure the most beneficial results. If you are troubled with "nerves", if a little exertion tires you, if you do not enjoy your food, if you have pain after eating, if you are afflicted with sleeplessness, or indeed experience any of the countless symptoms of dyspepsia, commence to take Beecham's Pills at once,

THEY ARE SURE TO DO YOU GOOD.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).

PILES

FOR 40 YEARS.

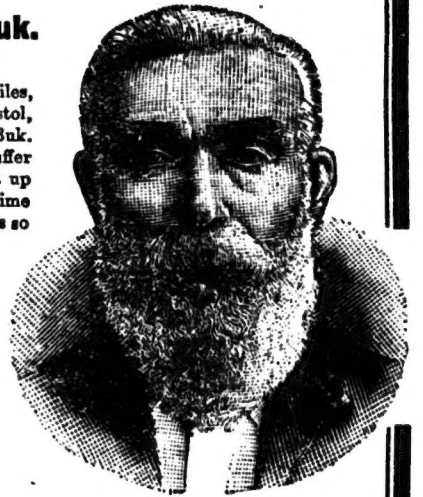
Wonderful Cure by Zam-Buk.

After suffering forty years' terrible agony from piles, Mr. George Gardener, of Oldland Common, Bristol, has been completely and permanently cured by Zam-Buk.

"It is forty years ago since I first began to suffer from piles," he told a local reporter. "I would get up in a morning feeling as well as possible, but by the time I got to work I could scarcely walk, and the pain was so bad that I had often to return home at once as best I could, and go straight to bed, where I would remain for several days. The piles made me feel very low and weak.

"I went to doctors, and tried various ordinary medicines without deriving any benefit. SEVERAL TIMES I UNDERWENT OPERATIONS, but these only eased the pain temporarily.

"Year after year I endured the agony, and often thought I should go out of my mind. After trying in vain almost everything imaginable, I began to use Zam-Buk. I had read how similar cases to my own had been cured by Zam-Buk, and this raised my hopes once more.



Mr. Gardener.

Zam-Buk almost at once began to GIVE ME EASE FROM THE AWFUL PAIN, and perseverance with this really wonderful balm drove the piles completely away.

"It is twelve months since Zam-Buk cured me, and I have never felt the slightest sign of the piles returning. I am in better health now than I have been for forty years. After my experience of Zam-Buk we would not be without a box of the wonderful balm in the house for worlds."

The Secret of Zam-Buk.

Zam-Buk is the outcome of many years' costly experiments and research, and is the last and truest word of science in the art of healing and curing skin disease. Zam-Buk is composed of rare and costly saps and juices, obtained from certain medicinal herbs, and these pure extracts are present in Zam-Buk in such form and proportion that their original value in skin complaints is magnified.

This balm, therefore, after passing through important and delicate scientific processes, acquires a richness, a refinement, and a healing, soothing, and antiseptic value that cannot belong to ordinary old-fashioned ointments.

FREE.

Become acquainted with Zam-Buk's wonderful power at once by sending this coupon with 1d. stamp and your name and address to the Zam-Buk Co., Leeds, who will forward you a sample box together with a complete guide to the cure of skin troubles.
Pearson's Weekly, Sept. 24th, 1903.

Zam-Buk



"Why don't they use Lux?"

LUX

A unique preparation for washing Flannels, Woollens, Dainty Fabrics, Lace and Hosiery.

WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

The name LEVER on soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.



Our Beauty Contest.

WELL, ladies, I hope by now you've all made up your minds to enter our Beauty Contest. I assure you that it may be well worth your while. And don't think for a moment that it could ever possibly leak out that you went in for the contest, and came out very low down in the list. Such a thing is not possible. We are far too anxious to do all in our power to please our lady readers to allow any information to be bandied about from mouth to mouth. and I find that a girl, through modesty, often very much underrates her charms. "Oh, Bernard told me I was a snub-nosed little freak the other day," said a really lovely girl to me recently, when we were talking on the subject of beauty. And she really believed that Bernard was right. Bernard, I may say, was her opinionated young prig of a brother; but the girl couldn't imagine that his verdict might be at fault. So never mind what some of them say, you have a try. It would be a joke, indeed, if a girl in this position came out on top. You never know.

"Nemo's" Serial Story.

AT last the first instalment of NEMO's remarkable story is before you. You will find it on page 247. Now, I am very anxious to know what you think of this story. To my mind, it is the work of a master hand, original in plot, told in a thrilling and convincing manner, and, indeed, as I have already told you, I consider it to be the most remarkable story I've ever read. Would it be much trouble to you to drop me a postcard just telling me what your opinion of NEMO's work is? And, by the way, I very nearly had to apologise to you for the non-appearance of the tale. At the last moment the author wished to make a big alteration in the story; the alteration concerned names and places, and it was most vital and urgent. Now, why all this secrecy and all this anxiety on the part of the author? I am not even allowed to send him proofs through the ordinary medium of the sub-editor; I must send them and post them myself. "The suppression of my real name means more to me than you imagine," says NEMO in his last letter to me. I wonder if you and I will ever know the inner history of this remarkable mystery.

Dicky's Disaster.

PERHAPS you remember the tragedy recently related by M. C. with reference to a canary. The unfortunate bird's cage fell from the nail on which it was hanging, with the distressing result that ever since then "Dicky" has betrayed a propensity for turning his head upside down. M. C. was anxious to know the reason for this curious behaviour. The secret is revealed by FANCIER, who has sent me along the following letter: "As a bird-fancier," he writes, "I should say the canary has a disease called megrims, which is incurable. I think it would be a mercy to put it out of its misery. The disease is brought on by a blow on the skull, and seems to have an effect on the brain." If FANCIER's explanation is correct, a painless exit from this world of falling cages would certainly be the kindest fate for the unfortunate "little yellow bird."

Seeing Stars.

I HATE to be beaten by any question sent up, but here is a problem in astronomy, which I must confess has knocked me out completely. "On Friday I was sitting in my room," writes J. N., "when there was a heavy peal of thunder, and a bright star came down the chimney, hit on the steel bar of the fender, glided along, and fell off the end. It had a white centre with little sparks, and blue edges, and was as large round as a coffee cup. It went quite slowly, and made no report or anything of that kind. I saw it quite distinctly. What was it?" Well, as I said before, J. N., you've got me. On reading your letter, at first I had a horrid fear that it might be the moon, and that, in future, love's young dream would be compelled to do its romantic courtship in the dark. Much to my relief, however, Luna rose as usual last night. The only alternative explanation I can think of is that what you mistook for a clap of thunder was a workman in the employ of the Telegraph Company knocking out his pipe on your roof, and that the illumination in question was a lighted fusee, which he humorously dropped down your chimney. Perhaps one of my readers can supply a more scientific solution.

The Eyes of the Dead.

LENS wants to know if there is any truth in the belief that the eyes of a dead man retain an impression of the last object on which they looked. "My brother, who is an ardent photographer," he writes, "recently informed me that this statement was quite true. I told him frankly I didn't believe it, otherwise it would be quite easy to trace a murderer by making an examination of the dead man's eye." The idea is absolutely without foundation, LENS. Directly a man dies the retina of his eye becomes a pale white colour, and the fluid in the corner, which does not exude in the living state, oozes out and forms an obscure film. The belief that the eye still retains a picture of the object on which it last gazed, is largely due to the fact that on several occasions the idea has been used by novelists and story writers. Kipling, for instance, resorted to it with gruesome effect in that powerful, if rather ghastly, tale, "At the End of the Passage." If there were any truth in it, the tracking down of a murderer would, as you suggest, in the majority of cases, be well within the power even of Scotland Yard.

Is it Wrong to be Brave?

"Is a man's first duty," asks THREE-AND-TWENTY, a lady reader, "towards his wife and family, or towards the public at large? The other day my husband, at great risk to himself, brought to a standstill a horse which had bolted in the street. Much as I admire his courage, I contend that, as a married man with a wife and two children, he had no right to run the risk of being injured and killed. He does not agree with me." One of those questions impossible to definitely answer one way or the other, THREE-AND-TWENTY. But put things the opposite way for a moment. Suppose your husband had made no move to stop the runaway, and it had continued its career, and, quite possibly, killed a woman or a child, would you have been pleased with your husband's inaction? I think not. I think you would prefer to know that he is a brave man, even if he ran certain risks, in giving you a proof of bravery. At any rate, that is how I would feel about it. No man has a right to needlessly risk the comfort of those dependent upon him and those whom he loves; but when there is real need, as, I take it, in this case, that is another matter. At some time or other, you know, his own loved ones might be in danger, and in that event he would think it hard if there were no man brave enough to take risks on their behalf.

Long Lived Lasswade.

C. K. B. sends me the following inscription, which he has copied off a tombstone in the churchyard at Lasswade:

Alexander Muller.	
Farmer Webster Melville, died 1835, aged 72.	
Annie Murray, his wife	1865 " 93.
Lillie Murray, his daughter	1863 " 62.
Grace "	1880 " 85.
Eliza "	1883 " 79.
Euphemia "	1885 " 83.
Helen "	1886 " 78.
Mary "	1890 " 85.
Christina "	1891 " 93.
Margaret "	1906 " 92.

"The above," writes my correspondent, "gives the collective ages of 822 years, or an average of 82.2. Can this be beaten for longevity?" I should hardly think so, C. K. B., though it is extraordinary to what great ages whole families live in some country districts. Perhaps you have heard the story of a traveller who came across an old white-bearded man sitting on a pile of stones just outside a remote village weeping bitterly. "What is the matter?" he inquired. The old man looked up tearfully. "Feyther's been beatin' Oi," he sobbed. "What on earth for?" demanded the astonished wayfarer. "Fur—fur—throwin' stones at gran'feyther!" came the sorrowful reply.

Origin of \$ a. d.

LIKE most of us, JAKWYT is interested in money. His curiosity, however, instead of taking the conventional form of wanting to know where the cash is, in order to get hold of it, runs on more antiquarian lines. "Can you inform me," he writes, "who was the inventor of money, and how it came to be recognised in all parts of the world as a thing of beauty and a joy for ever?" The name of the gentleman who first thought of using gold and silver as a medium of exchange is not known, JAKWYT, but, in all probability, it was some talented Egyptian, who had accidentally stumbled upon a gold-mine and wanted to make use of it. At all events, the custom is of great antiquity. The Bible informs us that Abraham returned from Egypt "very rich in cattle, silver, and gold," and that he gave Ephron "four hundred shekels of silver" in exchange for the field of Machpelah. The painted sculpture work in Egypt shows us that money in the form of silver and gold rings was in common use several thousand years ago. As far as stamped money is concerned, its invention is attributed by Herodotus

to the Lydians, but modern authorities are inclined to think that in this instance the father of history was slightly off the track. They ascribe the first coinage to an ingenious monarch named Pheidon, who ruled over Argos in 895 B.C. Its subsequent adoption all over the world can scarcely be wondered at. One must have some medium of exchange, and small metal coins are obviously the most convenient. Unfortunately, notwithstanding the time they have been in use, they remain just as difficult to get hold of as ever.

What to do with the Road Hog.

THE man who thinks he has a kind of lordship over the roads of the earth, merely because he happens to possess a pair of goggles, a fur coat, and a car of so many horse power (and a few points more small power) had better gang wary for a bit. Why? Because P.W. readers have sealed his doom in many hundred different ways—all of them very unpleasant—in answer to the question put to them recently, "How would you suppress the road-hog?" Here is just one sample: "Half fill a good-sized trough with the muckiest road dust you can collect. Mix with a few gallons of petrol. Stir in a few finely-chopped rubber tyres, and pitch the road-hog into the concoction. Beat into a stiff paste, and spray gently with tar. In extreme cases apply a lucifer to the resulting human cake." Another suggested: "Bury the hog in the earth, his head only above surface. Fill his eyes with dust. Have powerful motor-horns roaring continuously in each ear. Place a bowl of the most evil-smelling stuff procurable beneath his nose, and keep him there till cured." The twenty-five pencil-cases have been awarded as follows:

F. Page, Coronation Villa, Alma Road, Romsey; C. E. Sewell, 64 Pembroke Road, Seven Kings; A. S. Wright, 112 Grandison Road, S.W.; F. Ward, 53 Birkhall Road, Cardiff; H. Hickford, Darham, Suffolk; R. S. Thorne, 17 Rose Street, Kirkcaldy; Miss E. Lawley, 7 Frith Road, W. Croydon; H. F. Tucker, Richmond Villa, Bournemouth; H. Davison, Hatfield, Doncaster; F. D. Beare, 46 Winchester Street, Andover; G. Bowker, 13 Turner Street, Clitheroe; L. B. Lawley, 149 Railway Street, Splott, Cardiff; D. Clayton, Burner Pool, Calverton, Nottingham; J. Tucker, 13 Fulham Place, Paddington; H. A. Rendall, 1 Spring Cottages, St. Heliers; G. Funston, 3 College Terrace, Londonderry; Miss S. M. Ferguson, Beaconsbrae, Methick, Aberdeenshire; Miss J. Knight, 1 North Devon Place, Plymouth; Miss K. M. Ross, New Spynie, Elgin; J. S. Johnson, Matfield, Paddock Wood, Kent; F. Shuker, Richmond Road, Malvern Link; J. Hoyle, Raveningham, Norwich; C. R. Ware, 15 Penryn Street, West Hartlepool; G. E. Langley, 21 Amesbury Road, Bickley; W. G. Butter, 9 St. George's Residences, Herne Hill.

F.A.F. Special Days.

THE following special outings have been held in connection with the Fresh Air Fund: September 5th, "Umtali" Day; September 9th, "H.M.S. King Edward VII." Day; September 10th, "H.M.S. Irresistible" Day; September 14th, "Buffalo" Day; September 15th, "Buffalo" Day.

F.A.F. Figures.

Amounts to hand since the last list was published:

Ord. Sub., E. F. E. Wigram, £1 1s.; Picannie 15. 5s.; R. & Reid 10s.; C. M. D., 11s. 3d.; Durban Holiday Makers, 11s. 6d.; Little Cousin Jack, 2s. 3d.; H. D. Mackay, £1 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Parker, 5s.; Holiday, 2s. 6d.; S. A., 15s.; Ivy Lodge, 10s.; M. A. R., 3s.; Nosta, 2s. 6d.; R. C., 2s. 6d.; Miner, £10; Sympathetic Children, 1s. 6d.; Jim and Wife, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 9d.; K. Bell, 1s. 6d.; A. L. Jayne, 4s.; John and George, 3s.; O. R. Sejerant, £1; M. B., 1s.; For Three, 2s. 3d.; Mrs. J. Johnson, 6s. 6d.; Cornl. W. Dail, 1s.; C. A. J., 5s.; Paington, 2s. 3d.; A. Lover of Fresh Air, 1s. 6d.; Winifred, 10s.; Miss E. Newman, 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; H. J. S., 1s.; J. Moore, 2s. 6d.; Shanghai, 2s.; Sea Breeze, 3s. 6d.; H. S. Eaton and Doris and Eileen, £1 9s.; D. J., 2s. 3d.; Dick Eck, 9d.; Currah, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Pavillard, 3s. 3d.; A. M. Grady, 5s.; Cork Cannon, per G. S., 3s.; Three Children, 2s.; M. L. T., 2s. 6d.; Mavis and Ione, £1 1s.; D. Anderson, 5s.; English Woman in Canada, 10s. 2d.; Constance Miller, 1s. 6d.; G. M. Blair, £1 1s.; Miss —, £1; G. Clulow, 11d.; Maud Movin, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 8d.; Sinbad the Sailor, £1; Mrs. Green, per G. B. Sims, 10s. 6d.; Leo, 2s.; Mrs. T. McCaig, 2s.; Rex and Colin Mason, £1; E. G. D. (In Memoriam of), 3s.; E. Percival, 10s.; M. and E. 10s.; J. D. C., 1s. 6d.; R. M., 10s.; Yvonne, 1s. 6d.; T. H. J. C., 2s. 6d.; Miss Summers, 5s.; Paddy, 2s. 6d.; K. Davis, 2s. 6d.; Aberystwith, 10s.; M. Whitelaw, 2s. 6d.; Thankful, 10s.; Better Late than Never, 2s.; Mrs. Sindall, 10s.; S. B., £1; A. Friend, £1; G. N., 2d.; F. and G., 1s. 6d.; Heavenly Twin, 10s.; H. M. C., 1s.; E. J. Payne, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 5s.; A. L., 10s.; H. M., £1; W. H. Johnston, 6s.

Collected: W. R. Batt, Port Elizabeth, £5 5s.; Central Hotel, Christiansburg, per M. Erasmus, £3 7s. 6d.; Arthur C. Wallis, S. Africa, £13 9s.; N. Coma and Men of 10th Section Army Veterinary Corps, Standerton, per E. R. Gregory, £1 1s.; Sergts. Mess, 97 Comp., R.G.A., Simon's Town, £1 1s.; Well Wishers in De Beers Workshops, £1; 2nd Middlesex Regt., Royal Army Temperance Branch, per Sergt.-Major Hancock, 13s. 2d.; Gladys Ridley, 4s. 6d.; The Frodham Sewing Society, per Mrs. Ashton, £1 13s. 6d.; Surplus from Sport of H.M.S. Astraea, £1 5s. 6d.; Dolbadarn Hotel, per Mrs. Thomas, 8s.; W. Badger, 4s.; Warrant Officers' Mess, H.M.S. Arrogant, 6s.; Sale of Work, per Miss K. Taylor, £1 13s.; Children's Service at Thandiani, £2; H.M.S. Dwarf, at Calabar, £3 1s.; W. McCartney, 11s. 6d.; 2nd Batt. King's Royal Rifles at Jubulpore, per Sergt.-Major T. Maple, £30 2s. 1d.; J. H. (Club), U.P. India, £1; Miss M. Moore, 7s.; Miss Ina Parkins, £1 10s.; Mrs. E. P. Brown, 10s.; B.B.C. Corps, per Sergt.-Intret, S. Butler, £2 4s.; Mrs. Keen, 3s.; Brown Bear Hotel, per H. R., 4s.; Vera Steel, 4s. 9d.; Miss Elsie Pearce, £1 4s. 7d.; Canteen of H.M.S. King Edward VII., £16 4s.; Miss Elsie Mills, 8s.; Anon., 9s.; Ship's Co., of H.M.S. Terror, per H. J. Gow, £2 3s. 6d.; Ship's Co., H.M.S. Triumph, per Rev. J. de Vire, £2 9s.; F. Gregory, 8s. 3d.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. Every penny subscribed goes to the children in food or fare. All expenses are borne by the promoters. Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, the Daily Express, Limited, the Standard Newspaper, Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninpence pays for a day's happiness for a child; 2s. 2s. pays for a complete party of 200, with the necessary attendants. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

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GOING HOLIDAYS, 1908-9.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1909. JANUARY.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
Christmas Day - December 25.	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 6 13 20 27	M 3 10 17 24 31	Sept. 18 ... 7.10
Boxing Day - December 26.	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	" 19 ... 7.8
New Year's Day - January 1st.	W 8 15 22 29	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24	W 8 15 22 29	W 5 12 19 26	" 20 ... 7.6
Good Friday - April 9th.	T 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	" 21 ... 7.4
Monday - April 12th.	F 10 17 24	F 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	F 10 17 24	F 7 14 21 28	" 22 ... 7.2
Tuesday - May 31st.	S 11 18 25	S 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 11 18 25	S 8 15 22 29	" 23 ... 7.0
Bank Holiday - August 2nd.	S 12 19 26	S 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 12 19 26	S 9 16 23 30	" 24 ... 6.8

What to Eat



Appetite is Nature's signal for fuel and repairs.
A healthy appetite calls for simple food.

Healthy appetite is satisfied when the proper kind and amount of food is taken into the body at stated intervals; but the wiles of the modern chef and caterer have created in most of us a false and often unnatural appetite which leads to indigestion, dyspepsia, etc.

GRAPE-NUTS is a satisfying food—it is composed of the natural elements to satisfy the natural appetite and restore order in the digestive machinery which may have been thrown out of gear by improper though often "fashionable" foods.

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"This was my condition when a friend insisted that I should try Grape-Nuts food. To please him I consented, and for more than a year I ate positively nothing but Grape-Nuts—it was my soup course, my meat and my sweets. I never tired of it, and grew steadily fatter and heartier till I put 40 pounds of good solid flesh that had never been there before, on my bones. My dyspepsia is gone—the memory of a terrible nightmare.

"I am well now, and Grape-Nuts is still found on my table, in one form or another, at every meal. A meal without Grape-Nuts is a very poor meal for me." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66 Shoe Lane, E.C.

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